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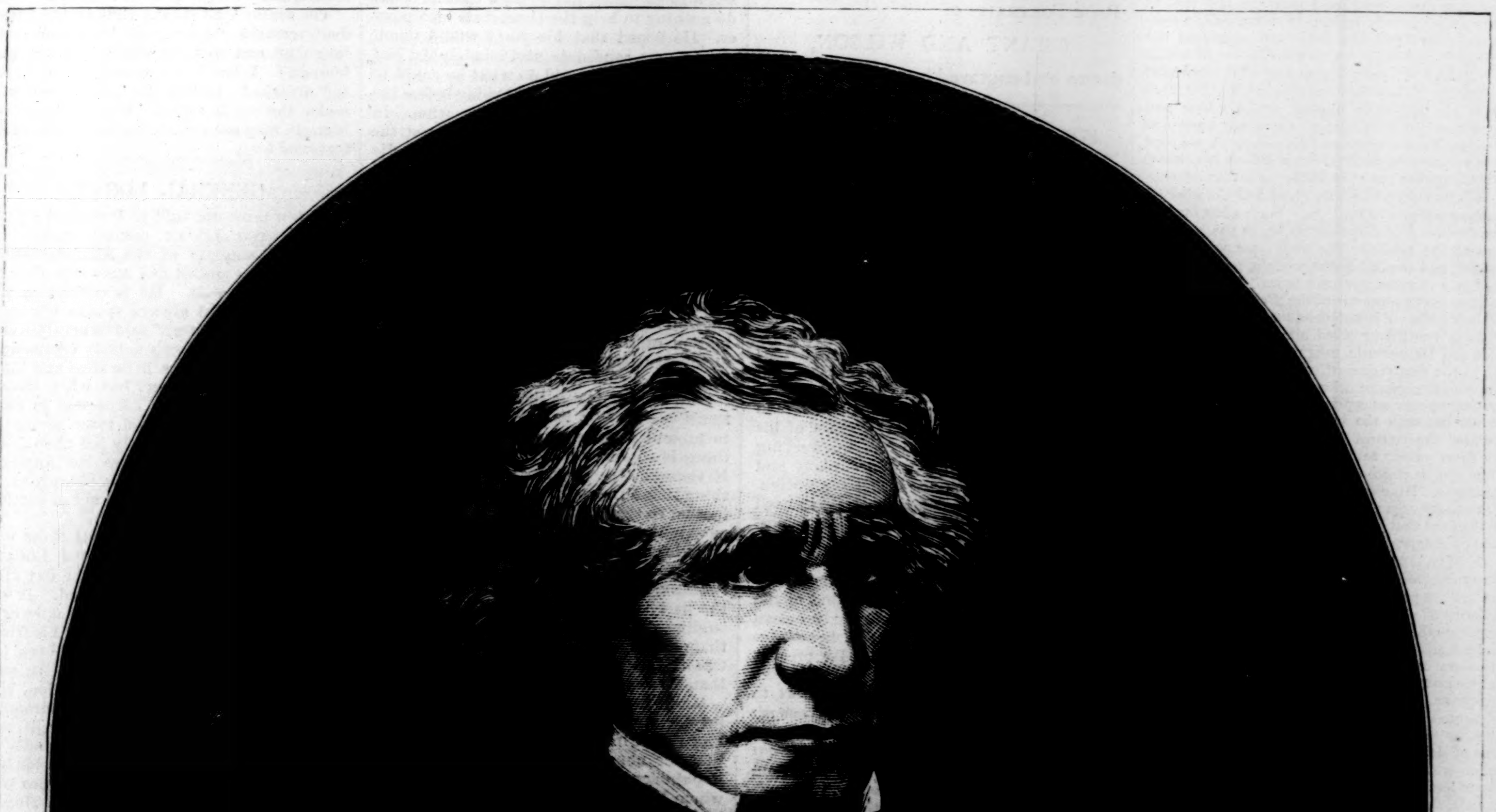


THE LATE JAMES GORDON BENNETT.—[Photographed by Brady, New York.]

THE LATE JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

As we briefly announced in our issue of last week, James Gordon Bennett, the founder and proprietor of the New York *Herald*, died on the evening of the 1st of June, at the age of seventy-seven. The story of his life is interesting and instructive. To few men is it given, after struggling in poverty and obscurity through nearly two-thirds of the allotted period of human life, to achieve a dazzling success. Through this experience the founder of the *Herald* passed.

Mr. Bennett was born near the town of Keith, in Banffshire, Scotland, in 1795. His father was a well-to-do farmer, a devout Catholic, whose wish it was to educate his two sons, James and Cosmo, for the priesthood. But the former, after receiving a handsome education at the ocal schools, and subsequently at a clerical institution at Aberdeen, felt himself unsuited to a priestly calling, and sought independence in another continent. Some time in 1819 he sailed from Scotland for Halifax, Nova Scotia.

His means were small, and he was glad to obtain any kind of employment. From Halifax he soon found his way to Boston, where he read proof in a large publishing house. He was re-

marked for his studious habits and fondness for reading. Growing restless under the monotony of his employment, he came to New York, and became connected with the press of this city. Some time after his arrival here he made the acquaintance of Mr. Willington, of the Charleston *Courier*, who was in search of an assistant, and perfected an engagement with him. For the next two years Mr. Bennett resided in Charleston, serving a useful apprenticeship on the *Courier*, and obtaining a practical knowledge of the duties of journalism.

On his return to New York Mr. Bennett tried various enterprises without success. A commercial school proved a failure in his hands, and he once more entered the more congenial field of journalism, and was successively employed on the *National Advocate*, the New York *Courier*, and the *Enquirer*, doing service now as reporter, now as editor, and now as Washington correspondent. On the *National Advocate* he won a high reputation among newspaper men by his spicy and accurate reports of the celebrated trials for fraud which followed the commercial crisis of 1825-26. Much objection was made at the time to full reports of legal proceedings; but Mr. Bennett persevered, and now the law reports form an important feature of every daily newspaper. In 1829 Mr. Bennett suggested the union of the *Enquirer* with the *Courier*, of which Mr. James Watson Webb was editor and part proprietor. The union was effected, and for three years Mr. Bennett was an active editor and correspondent of the paper, which was known as the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. A political disagreement with Mr. Webb led to his retirement from the paper in 1832.

Mr. Bennett had long cherished the idea of starting a paper of his own. Soon after leaving the *Courier and Enquirer* he began the publication of the *Globe*. The enterprise was unsuccessful, and the last number of the paper was issued two months after the first. He afterward became part proprietor of the *Pennsylvanian*, in Philadelphia. His independence and impatience of party control involved him in disagreements with the Democratic magnates, and eventually led to the establishment of the New York *Herald*, and the inauguration of a new era in American newspaper enterprise. In starting the *Globe* he set out with the intention of conducting it "under the control" of the Democratic party. Its short career taught him that a newspaper could not be successfully conducted under party trammels. His experience on the *Pennsylvanian*, also a party organ, confirmed this judgment; and he resolved that his next venture should be in the field of independent journalism.

In May, 1835, at the age of forty years, Mr. Bennett, in company with two printers, commenced the publication of the New York *Herald*. A series of untoward events—the burning of the printing-office and the death of his partners—for a short time interrupted the progress of the enterprise; but, after a brief delay, the *Herald* reappeared, the sole property of its editor, Mr. Bennett. It is said his capital at that time amounted to only five hundred dollars. He bequeaths to his family a fortune of several millions of dollars; and from the dingy Ann Street cellar, whence the first numbers were issued, his paper has been transferred, by two or three removals, to a splendid edifice on Broadway.

From its founding until his death Mr. Bennett's name and history were inseparable from the *Herald*. At the outset he may be said to have written the whole paper himself, besides attending to the business management. It was, to be sure, a very small affair in comparison with the *Herald* or *Times* to-day; but the amount of work, as every journalist knows, even on a small four-page paper, is very considerable. As success dawned upon him he increased his staff of assistants, enlarged the dimensions of his paper, and set an example of enterprise in reporting and correspondence which infused a new spirit into American journalism. He was among the first, if not the very first, of American journalists to realize the paramount importance of news, and it was his ambition to make his paper the most prompt and most complete reporter in the country of domestic and foreign events. The establishment was organized to subserve this end. The *Herald* was intended to be a *news*-paper, in the true sense of the term, and the extraordinary success which crowned its founder's enterprise proved the correctness of his judgment.

To enter into a minute history of the *Herald*, which is also that of Mr. Bennett's life, would be beyond the limits of this sketch; nor is it necessary to detail the bitter personal controversies in which, during the earlier years of his editorial career, he was frequently involved. Ill success and disappointment had soured his temper, and made him for a time reckless and irascible; but time and prosperity had a softening influence on his mind, and those who knew him in later years would scarcely believe that this genial and pleasant gentleman was the same man whom it was once the fashion to assail with every opprobrious epithet the dictionary affords. He was an affectionate husband and father, true to his friends, and liberal to those whom he employed. The kindliness, the unobtrusive benevolence, to which many living witnesses could testify, which marked his declining years, may well veil the errors and mistakes of his earlier career.

Although Mr. Bennett was *par excellence* a news-journalist, he was also a very skillful and vigorous writer. His letters to the *Herald* from Washington and abroad were models of light, easy, and piquant composition. Of late years he wrote very little; but almost to the last the direction of the paper remained in his own hands, and his spirit imbued the whole establishment. The *Herald* was the creation of his own talent and enterprise: it will remain his lasting and fittest monument.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 22, 1872.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive a beautifully illustrated

BOSTON JUBILEE SUPPLEMENT,

sent out gratuitously for the benefit of those who visit Boston during the Grand Jubilee, and for the consolation of those who stay at home. It also contains the continuation of "Middlemarch," by George Eliot, and interesting miscellaneous reading.

☞ In the next Number of Harper's Weekly we shall give new and superb Page Portraits of

GRANT AND WILSON,

drawn and engraved in the best manner.

FOR PRESIDENT: ULYSSES S. GRANT.

The enthusiasm with which the President was renominated showed two things: the deep gratitude of the people to a man whose service to the country has been inestimable; and their deep indignation at the measureless calumny which has been heaped upon his name. The attacks upon General Grant show the very madness of hostility. He is represented as a candidate imposed by himself or by somebody else upon reluctant Republicans, when nothing is plainer than that no Republican in the country has so strong a hold upon the party as he—a hold which is due not only to the sense of his military services, but to his unswerving fidelity to every principle of the party and to his own pledges at his inauguration. With absurd inconsistency, he is denounced as at once the most imbecile and the most dangerous of tyrants.

Indeed, the opposition to him is so insanely extravagant that it makes very little impression upon the intelligent mind of the Republican party. And that party enters upon its contest with more real heartiness and unanimity than in 1868. Its present duty is to destroy the organization of the Democratic party, by baffling the effort to give it new life by the Greeley movement. And it will do that duty as effectually as it has done all the work to which it has been called. Having suppressed the rebellion unconditionally and abolished slavery utterly, it will now complete the destruction of the party which sustained slavery and produced the rebellion. And it will accomplish this work under the lead of the patriot whom Mr. Martin I. Townsend, in casting the vote of New York for him in the Convention, described as "that man of whom Greeley said, 'He never has been beaten, and never will be,' U. S. Grant."

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT: HENRY WILSON.

"I support your ticket cheerfully," telegraphed Schuyler Colfax, when the news of the nomination of Henry Wilson was received: "men are nothing, principles every thing." It was another proof of the sincere and simple loyalty of the Vice-President, so long and worthily honored and trusted by the Republican party, which has nominated as his successor a man of the same spotless character, long service, and proved political fidelity.

The one important question in regard to the Vice-President is, whether the candidate would properly discharge the duties of the Presidency should they devolve upon him. The precedents of John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson make this a subject of anxious interest. But anxiety vanishes in this instance. There is no man in the country whom the Republican party trusts more implicitly than Henry Wilson, and no one who has more nobly won and justified that confidence. By his sturdy character and ability he has steadily risen from the shoe-maker's bench to the Senator's seat. He has never betrayed a friend nor a cause, and although he has been always one of the shrewdest of politicians, he has never done an unworthy act. He is most modest and simple in his tastes, a "temperance man," and friendly to all movements for the enlargement of liberty and the elevation and progress of all who are oppressed. He was one of the first, as he has been always one of the most faithful, of Republicans. His name is associated with the leading Republican measures of administration, and it will be a guarantee to the colored citizens every where that the triumph of the Republican party will be their gain.

Indeed, there can be but one regret in the result, and that is that both gentlemen could not have been nominated: although we are aware that in uttering such a sentiment we shall be held by the Cincinnati standard to betray a groveling willingness to enthrone three instead of two cruel and bloody despots in the seat of executive power.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Sumner's feeling for the President has long been known. He has not spared the most vehement expression of it upon every occasion. Counting upon it, some of the Cincinnati managers, as is notorious, by every inducement, except the promise of the nomination, urged him to declare for that movement; and the *Tribune* announced with immense satisfaction that he had consented to preside at the Convention. But the entreaty was vain. Mr. Sumner declared himself a Republican, and insisted that he could do nothing to help the Democrats into power. He hoped that his party would nominate a new candidate at Philadelphia, and resolved that he would do what he could to that end. He did it on the Friday before the meeting of the Republican Convention. In a discourse of four hours he arraigned the President. No charge escaped him. He said all that any body has ever said—and more. He depicted the patriot whom all men know, and the Chief Magistrate whose administration has given us peace and security, as a monster of indolence, ignorance, lawlessness, and incapacity, whose influence is pernicious in the highest degree, and whose example degrades the youth of the land. The reply of the party was its renomination of the President with enthusiastic unanimity by one of the most intelligent conventions ever assembled in the country.

So wholly unjust is the spirit of Mr Sumner's speech that it may be truly said not to present accurately a single fact. Every thing is so distorted that truth disappears. If General Grant were the person or the thing that Mr. Sumner describes, his renomination to the Presidency by the most loyal, most independent, and most intelligent body of citizens would be the final proof that the republic had ignominiously failed. Mr. Sumner says that it would show him that the party had renounced its principles. It ought to show him very much more than that: it ought to show him that General Grant has demoralized the country more than slavery ever did.

Mr. Sumner's personal relations with the President are not a subject of public interest. But that Charles Sumner should declare that the nomination of a President by the Republican party, if it fell upon a candidate whom he considered to be a Cæsar, "can have no just obligation," was a deliberate threat of withdrawal from the party, which can only pain his sincerest friends. We do not question the sincerity of his opposition. We do not doubt the sense of duty under which he spoke. We know them well. But neither have we any doubt that by his recent speech he has done all that he possibly could do to restore to power the hereditary enemies of every great principle and policy of his life. Probably the Senator would not deny it. He would say that it was better for the country that they should return than that Cæsar should be re-elected.

The response to the speech was instant and indignant. Had there been any doubt of the renomination of the President before it was delivered, there could have been none afterward. Mr. Garrison, the historic leader of the cause to which Mr. Sumner has given his life, wrote him a letter of profound regret, to which Mr. Horace White, a gentleman known as a radical free-trader who advocates the election to the Presidency of the most ultra protectionist in the country, rashly wrote a reply. Every faithful Republican journal expressed its regret, while every paper which has always reviled Mr. Sumner and his principles, with the Springfield *Republican*, which alone of all the Massachusetts Republican papers urgently opposed Mr. Sumner's re-election as Senator, shouted with glee in their ardent welcome of any thing to beat Grant. They exultingly demand whether there is any reply to the speech, and whether it does not conclusively show the total unfitness of a President who, Mr. Greeley has told us, would be much more fit for a second term than for the first. The whole Republican argument of the campaign will be a reply, of which the election in November will be the proper peroration.

To-day we point out certain weak points in the speech, and we shall continue to do so. An orator who criticises so relentlessly will not complain of honorable criticism, however severe. The reader, as he proceeds in the speech, perceives with regret that it seems less the sorrowful reproof of a friend than the eager plea of an advocate. The manner seems to be designedly offensive. Mr. Sumner alludes to the "brutality" of certain assaults upon faithful Republicans. Yet in speaking of a Republican President Mr. Sumner himself says, "From a dropsical nepotism swollen to elephantiasis, which nobody can defend, I pass to gift-taking." And again, after quoting Josiah Quincy's description of the office-seekers as swine struggling at a trough, Mr. Sumner adds, "To sit behind is the Presidential occupation, watching and feeding the animals." Mr Sumner calls attention to the mildness of his language; but he describes the President as "listening to stories from horse-cars, gobbling the gossip of his military ring, discoursing on imaginary griefs, and nursing his unjust anger." Again he says of the President, "To nurse a quarrel, like tending a horse, is in his list of Presidential duties." Once more he calls him "the Presidential lobbyist," and speaks of his message, "where undisguised insult to the Senate vies with absurdity in declaring prospective profits, and with geographical ignorance."

The orator who speaks thus of the President remarks, "I mean to be moderate in language, and to keep within the strictest bounds." What is his conception of "brutal" attacks? Is this the tone of one who seeks the truth only? Unconsciously to himself, may not some lower motive have intervened?

GENERAL LOGAN.

When some one said to President Grant that Senator Logan seemed rather inclined to complain of the Administration, the President smiled and answered that he knew Logan well. He is critical by nature, he said, and always speaks his opinion. "During the war," said General Grant, "while we lay in camp nobody commented more sharply upon the little slips and blunders than John Logan; but when the order came to march, no corps was in more perfect order, none moved more promptly, and none was more bravely led than John Logan's. He will criticise the Administration just as often and as sharply as he chooses; but he will give no aid or comfort to the enemy."

How just this judgment was those who heard or who have read General Logan's brief reply to Mr. Sumner, on the day after the speech of the latter, perceived. It was the spontaneous and impassioned answer of a man and a soldier who felt that his friend and old comrade in the field had been bitterly wronged. It was spoken with such deep feeling, such ardor of conviction, that the Senate, which was listless and drooping under a debate upon the adjournment, suddenly lifted its head and sat profoundly attentive. The Senators loitering outside hurried into the Chamber. The galleries were hushed; and as the orator, in a few ringing phrases, described the honest man who had faithfully served his country in the field and in the cabinet, there were bursts of hearty applause, which the presiding officer, Senator Ferry, of Michigan, promptly and effectively suppressed, but which, deep down in his heart, we do not believe that he was pained to hear.

It was a little speech of genuine eloquence, and many who heard it must have recalled that which the Senator, then a Democratic Representative, made in the other House; and in which, replying to the threats of his Southern colleagues to secede and fight, he declared that if they should attempt it the Northwest would hew its way from the lakes to the Gulf. His prophecy has become history. And the other day, as General Logan sat down after his speech, it was plain that the President had but spoken the truth in saying that he knew him well, and that John Logan would give no aid or comfort to the enemy.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED CITIZENS.

It is stated in Mr. Sumner's speech that the President has never "exhibited to the colored people any true sympathy;" and in proof of this assertion Mr. Sumner quotes from the letter of the President to the meeting of the colored people at Washington in favor of equal civil rights. In that letter the President said: "I beg to assure you, however, that I sympathize most cordially in any effort to secure for all our people, of whatever race, nativity, and color, the exercise of those rights to which every citizen should be entitled." Mr. Sumner calls this "a meaningless juggle of words entirely worthy of the days of slavery," and says that, of course, every body is in favor of the rights to which every citizen should be entitled.

Mr. Sumner misquotes the President's words, and then calls them a meaningless juggle. The President does not say that he is in favor of the rights to which every citizen should be entitled. What he does say is that he cordially favors the exercise

of the rights to which every citizen is entitled; and every citizen, under the Constitution, is equal. It is not easy to understand how Mr. SUMNER avoided the plain and necessary meaning of the words. He quotes them in illustration of the President's want of sympathy with colored citizens; and he couples with them the treatment of FREDERICK DOUGLASS by the President as another illustration. Yet of the very letter which Mr. SUMNER quotes to alienate the colored people from the President FREDERICK DOUGLASS's own paper, the *New National Era*, says: "We entirely misapprehend the character of the colored citizens, North and South, if they do not accept this letter as the fullest assurance that, so far as General GRANT is concerned, they are certain to have their just and equal rights, whenever those rights can be secured to them by law. ABRAHAM LINCOLN said and did many good things while he was President of the United States, but nothing like this letter ever came to colored men even from him."

So the National Convention of colored men at New Orleans, while expressing its profound regard for Mr. SUMNER, also resolved that "our thanks are due and hereby tendered to President GRANT for overriding the precedents of prejudice in the better recognition of the services of men without regard to color." And at the same convention FREDERICK DOUGLASS made the speech from which we have before quoted a remarkable figure, which is an argument in itself, "For colored men the Republican party is the deck—all outside is the sea," which was received with "tremendous enthusiasm." In the same speech Mr. DOUGLASS stated his admiration and regard for Mr. SUMNER, and said, "Messrs. TRUMBULL and SCHURZ are falling back into the party of reaction......They are honorable men. Nothing must be said against them for their past record; but they are upon a path that would lead the colored man to ruin......All the laws and all the amendments can not protect the colored man if his enemies get control of the government;" and he declared that he should vote for General GRANT. The speeches of the colored delegates to the Philadelphia Convention repeat the conviction and the determination of Mr. DOUGLASS.

This is the instinct of every colored citizen. Since his speech was delivered Mr. SUMNER was called upon by a deputation of colored voters. The *Tribune's* dispatch says that he urged them to vote against GRANT. But the music of DOUGLASS's eloquence was ringing in their hearts. On one side they saw GRANT and their life-long friends, on the other side GREELEY and their life-long enemies. The Senator could not persuade them. "For colored men the Republican party is the deck—all outside is the sea."

POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS.

THE majority of the Senate committee of investigation into the condition of the New York Custom-house, etc., say that "the committee see no reason why those who draw salaries may not be as properly invited to contribute as those who do not." If the committee know any thing whatever of the subject, they know precisely what this "invitation to contribute" means when addressed to the subordinate officers of the government. There is no more abominable abuse in the civil service than the practice known as political assessments, which was introduced upon the large scale by the Democrats, and has been most rigorously enforced by the Tammany clubs and the chiefs of the discontented Republicans who have united with Tammany to secure civil service reform and greater purity of government.

The tax is called a voluntary contribution, but it is really a tax levied upon the wretched salaries of the clerks and minor officers of the government, and it is usually paid from a fear of removal if it is refused. The theory is that the clerks should be willing to help pay the expenses of the party which has given them places. We remember once pleading earnestly with a certain officer on behalf of some of his subordinates who could ill spare the tax from their mean salaries. "Nobody is compelled to pay," he said; "'tis only a voluntary contribution." We ventured to smile in reply—a smile which was instantly understood. "Oh, very well," said the officer; "if gentlemen do not wish to comply, there are plenty of applicants who will be only too happy to take their places with all the incumbrances." We hastened to advise all for whom we had spoken to pay their tax with a smiling face. That officer was subsequently removed, and is now cock-a-hoop for civil service reform and Tammany purity of government.

Meanwhile we remind the committee that the President differs from their conclusions. He *does* see reasons why those who draw salaries from the treasury should not be "invited to contribute." He has adopted a rule which is as follows: "No head of a department, nor any subordinate officer of the government, shall, as such officer, authorize or permit, or assist in levying, any assessment of money, for political purposes, *under the form of voluntary contributions* or otherwise, upon any person employed under his control, nor shall any person pay any money so assessed." And the President, in an executive order, has announced that "political assessments, as they are called, have been forbidden within the various departments."

But as the Senators who sign the report are Administration Senators, we shall probably hear that they express the President's real views, and that his own declarations mean nothing. Our own opinion, however, is that all concerned may safely trust the President to speak for himself.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF HONEST JOHN LANAHAN.

THE opinion which the *Weekly* has repeatedly expressed of the essential correctness of Dr. LANAHAN'S charges against the administration of the Methodist Book Concern has been confirmed by the decision of the General Conference. What the rest of the world has plainly seen for several years is now admitted by the highest authority in the Church. A special committee appointed by the Conference, and made up of some of the best business men among the delegates, have investigated the case, and reported unanimously that the Concern has been subjected to repeated frauds and consequent losses. They locate the frauds chiefly, if not wholly, in the bindery; but decide also that "the business methods of the departments were such as to afford opportunities for frauds and peculations by subordinates," and that "it is reasonable to presume that such frauds and peculations could have been prevented by the enforcement of more thorough and business-like methods." They adopt the opinion of Mr. KILBRETH, one of the experts, that the accounts for former years show "a great deal of confusion and careless book-keeping." As to the duration of the frauds, they find that they have been carried on "for a series of years," and as to the extent of losses, that they were "very considerable," though the amount "can not now be ascertained with accuracy." This report was adopted unanimously by the Conference, without debate.

It seems strange to the world that it has required the Church so long to find out what has been palpable to disinterested observers. Yet Dr. LANAHAN has for two years been subjected to indignities for which there is no excuse, to persecutions which would have intimidated a less courageous man. The Conference very properly ordered that he should be reimbursed for his expenses; but it should have thanked him, in the most conspicuous manner, for the services he has rendered to the cause of truth and religion. If Dr. LANAHAN has been right, as is now declared, he has done for his Church the most important work accomplished by any man living in it. He has driven out fraud and wrong which were intrenched in the very citadel of Methodism—intrenched so securely that for a long time they have defied his most persistent efforts to expel them. At length his conduct is fully vindicated, and he is allowed to retire without a word of approval. This is not the way to encourage integrity and to make it honorable in the eyes of the Methodist people. As the case stands, honesty in the service of the Church *seems* to entail suffering and to bring very little credit to the sufferer.

It would be naturally supposed that Dr. LANAHAN had been subjected to enough indignities; but one more, it appears, was reserved for him. On Friday, the 7th of June, he was arrested by a sheriff's deputy, on the suit of S. J. GOODENOUGH, Treasurer of the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for slander. It being in the after-part of the day, and being refused by the officer permission to send a note or message to his family, and not wishing to annoy his New York friends with his troubles, Dr. LANAHAN declined to give bail until he could have the presence and counsel of his relatives from Baltimore. He spent that night and part of the next morning in the Ludlow Street Jail. The suit on which he was arrested was the old one of GOODENOUGH *v.* LANAHAN, brought as far back as January, 1870. Dr. LANAHAN being about to visit Baltimore for a few days, leaving his family and his business behind him, it was pretended that he was likely to get out of the jurisdiction of the court, and so evade a trial. He has shown at all times the utmost anxiety to meet the issues in this case, and has provided the best counsel available. As a Christian man, he has too much at stake to evade trial for a moment. The public will naturally decide that the arrest was intended as a piece of annoyance, and will draw their inferences accordingly. It could in no way promote the ends of justice. It will only convince the world more fully that Dr. LANAHAN is the object of the inveterate ill-will of the parties whom he has driven out from a religious and charitable institution.

SECRETARY STANTON AND GENERAL GRANT.

MR. SUMNER opens his indictment of the President with the statement of an opinion which he says Mr. STANTON expressed to him within a month of his death. Mr. SUMNER called upon the Secretary, and Mr. STANTON said to him that it had been his official duty to study the President, and that he could not govern the country. Mr. SUMNER reminded him that he had nevertheless supported him for the Presidency. But he says that Mr. STANTON replied: "I spoke, but I never introduced the name of General GRANT. I spoke for the Republican party and the Republican cause."

This is a point to be settled by reference to the reports of the time. Mr. STANTON did not make many speeches, and the most important was at Steubenville, Ohio, on the 25th of September, 1868. A considerable part of it is devoted to the highest personal eulogy of General GRANT. Yet Mr. SUMNER says that Mr. STANTON told him that he did not mention General GRANT'S name in any speech. "The history of GRANT," says the Secretary in that speech, "is known to you and to the whole world." And after briefly sketching his career, he adds: "And now I ask what reason has any man to vote against General GRANT? His capacity and integrity for civil administration were equally manifest in the vast territories in which he operated." And he ends the speech by saying, "The election of GRANT and COLFAX and a Republican Congress will be a crowning blessing to you and your posterity forever." Yet Mr. SUMNER says that Mr. STANTON told him that he did not mention General GRANT'S name in any speech.

The alternative is unavoidable. Either Mr. STANTON'S rapidly failing health had destroyed his mental faculties, or Mr. SUMNER'S recollection of the conversation is inaccurate. In either case the shaft falls harmless from the President.

PERSONAL.

THE late JAMES GORDON BENNETT had some odd fancies, one of which was an immense birdcage, filled with all sorts of birds, before which he would stand for hours and study their habits. Some of these he named after our public men. Pointing to a robin, he would say, That is HENRY WILSON; the woodpecker, that is General BUTLER; the goose, that is SUMNER; the sparrow, LOGAN; the owl, GRANT; the parrot, GARRET DAVIS; the gobbler, CONKLING; the crow, FREDERICK DOUGLASS; the hawk, WENDELL PHILLIPS; the canary, S. S. COX.

—Mr. GLADSTONE fails to maintain the national reputation in the roast-beef and plum-pudding particular. When his wife is out of town he may be found taking his modest meal at the University Club; and very modest it is, consisting of some mutton broth, fish, bread and cheese, beer, and a cup of coffee.

—The decease of Mr. HORACE MAYHEW, one of the original contributors to *Punch*, recalls the epigrammatic statement made many years ago as to the ingredients of that famous publication: DOUGLAS JERROLD was the lemon, A BECKETT the spirit, HORACE MAYHEW the sugar, and MARK LEMON the spoon—the efficient and satisfactory mixer.

—Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY proposes the most extravagant theatrical venture ever undertaken in this country—an expenditure of $100,000 to bring out "King Carrot," at the Grand Opera-House, next autumn. Several large halls are now occupied by scenic artists in preparing scenery, and numberless costumers are also employed. Mr. FLORENCE, Mr. BROUGHAM, Mr. ROBSON, Mrs. HOWARD PAUL, Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and ROSE HERSEE are engaged for it. It is supposed the piece will run at least a year.

—The Rev. JAMES EVERETT, a notable man in his way, has recently deceased in England, at the age of eighty-eight. He was a rebel from the Wesleyans of England, and caused that disruption which led to the foundation of the Wesleyan Free Church. His ability attracted the attention of Dr. ADAM CLARKE, and he became the friend and confidant of SOUTHEY, the poet. He had a fine library of about 6000 volumes. One curious volume he bequeathed to the British Museum, viz., the first copyright copy of "Clarke's Commentaries," which he had interleaved so as to make twenty-eight volumes, and inserted in it valuable portraits of great men, amounting to between two and three thousand in number. He also had in his house one of the strangest museums, made up of religious relics. But the chief objects of his collections were, JOHN WESLEY'S ink-horn and umbrella, some of CATHERINE PARR'S hair, a seal of JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S, a piece of the granite of Mount Sinai, broken off by Dr. CLARKE'S nephew, a canister of prepared meat taken out of the arctic regions by Captain PARRY, left in the wreck of the *Fury*, ROBERT BURNS'S drinking cup, JACK SHEPPARD'S lantern, and an immense number of autographs.

—GUSTAVE DORÉ, whose fine illustrations of London are now in course of publication in the pages of this paper, is about to exhibit, in London, a new painting upon which he has been pretty constantly at work during the last four years. Its size is thirty feet long by twenty feet wide. The subject is "Christ Leaving the Temple," and it contains about four hundred figures.

—Apropos of great public bodies that have met in Philadelphia, Mr. JEFFERSON used to relate with much merriment, that the final signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by an absurdly trivial cause. Near Independence Hall, where the assembly was sitting, was a livery-stable, from which swarms of flies came into the open windows and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of members. With handkerchiefs they lashed the flies; but the annoyance became finally so extreme as to render them impatient of delay, and they made haste to bring their momentous business to a conclusion.

—It is mentioned among the friends of the late Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT that his will contains a bequest of two hundred thousand dollars toward the completion of the new cathedral in Fifth Avenue, besides liberal bequests to other institutions connected with the Catholic Church.

—Mr. HENRY CLAUSEN, chairman of the "twelfth annual congress of the German brewers of the United States," recently in session in this city, made the remarkable statement that the revenue of the United States from the beer tax had increased from $1,500,000 in 1863 to $7,800,000 in 1871, with the prospect that hereafter the brewers will pay the greatest proportion of the expenses of the government. There are now in the United States over 3000 breweries, with a capital of over $100,000,000.

—Father CLEVELAND died in Boston on the 5th instant, lacking only sixteen days of being one hundred years old. It was hoped by all Boston that the old gentleman would touch par.

—Mr. DANIEL BRICK recently died in Amesbury, Massachusetts, aged ninety-nine years and four months. He was a native of Ireland, and during his long life was never sick a day, and never took medicine. A Mrs. LAWLER, residing on Summer Street in the same town, is in her one hundred and fifth year, and still enjoys good health. The next oldest person in town is JOHN S. MORSE, of Bear Hill, Amesbury, who is ninety-two, and till recently was never one hundred miles from home. Mr. MORSE is a native, and beside filling many town offices, was an officer of the Newburyport custom-house for some ten years, and was contemporary with SAMUEL PHILLIPS, who was collector of the port under General JACKSON.

—TIMOTHY HALL, who died recently in Boston, was one of Boston's most aged men. He had lived at 88 Prince Street (where he died) for the last seventy-five years.

—Among the prominent men of Boston who have recently deceased was SAMUEL A. WAY, who left an estate of a million and a half. He was fifty-five, and commenced life in Boston, when only twelve years of age, as an errand boy in a store at a salary of $1 per week. After business hours he peddled, and saved enough when nineteen to open a grocery store. He then began to import, and accumulated a fortune. He was a very charitable man; and though he never put his name to a subscription paper, he gave a great deal to men who had seen better days, but who were too proud to beg. In this way he contributed over $100,000 in 1870. He was very fond of literature.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the United States Senate, and also in the House, June 4, the conference committee's report on the Tariff and Tax bill was agreed to without a division. The reduction thus effected will amount to more than $53,000,000. The Senate, on the same day, passed a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals in transit. The Harbor and River Appropriation bill was passed, with slight amendments, by the Senate Committee of the Whole, June 6.

The National Republican Convention sitting in Philadelphia, June 6, nominated President Grant for re-election and Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, for the Vice-Presidency.

The excitement among the "striking" workmen of New York continues unabated, and loud threats are uttered against those who oppose them. A carpenter who had resumed work, June 6, was shot and seriously wounded by an enraged eight-hour advocate. The police are vigilant to suppress any disorder that may arise.

The Methodist General Conference adjourned finally June 4, after a session of five weeks. The last day was spent chiefly in discussing the question of separating the colored and white members of the denomination in the South. By an almost unanimous vote, however, it was decided to make no distinction of race or color in the Church. The decision was greeted with applause.

The New Hampshire Legislature met and organized June 5. The Senate elected Charles H. Campbell, of Nashua, President, and Asa Fowler, of Concord, was chosen Speaker of the House. Governor Straw was inaugurated on the day following.

Incomplete election returns from Oregon show that the Republicans have carried the State, with a sufficient majority in the Legislature to send a Republican to the United States Senate.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EARL RUSSELL, June 4, moved his long-threatened address to the Queen, asking her Majesty to have the British "case" withdrawn from the Geneva Tribunal, unless the claims for indirect damages were immediately abandoned by the United States. The motion was withdrawn, however, on the 6th of June, satisfactory assurances having been offered by the government.

Earl Granville has written a note to Minister Schenck proposing that on the meeting of the arbitrators, June 15, a joint application shall be made for an adjournment of eight months, to give time for further discussion of the supplemental article of the Washington Treaty. The matter is under consideration in Washington.

Jules Favre made a powerful speech in the French Assembly, June 4, against the tax on raw materials. He denounced it as detrimental in the last degree to French trade and production, and believed it would alienate foreign powers.

General Trochu delivered a brilliant speech during the discussion of the Army bill in the French Assembly June 6. He advocated three years' service instead of five, and recommended a proviso to the bill reducing the term to two years for meritorious conduct.

A passenger train *en route* from Basle, Switzerland, to Mayence, Hesse Darmstadt, came in collision with a passenger train southward bound, and was totally wrecked. Nine persons were killed and a number were injured.

Marshal Serrano has taken the oath of office as President of the Spanish Council in place of Admiral Topete, whose assumption of the office was merely temporary. Serrano's conduct in granting pardon to submissive insurgents was indorsed in the lower House of the Cortes by a vote of 140 to 22.

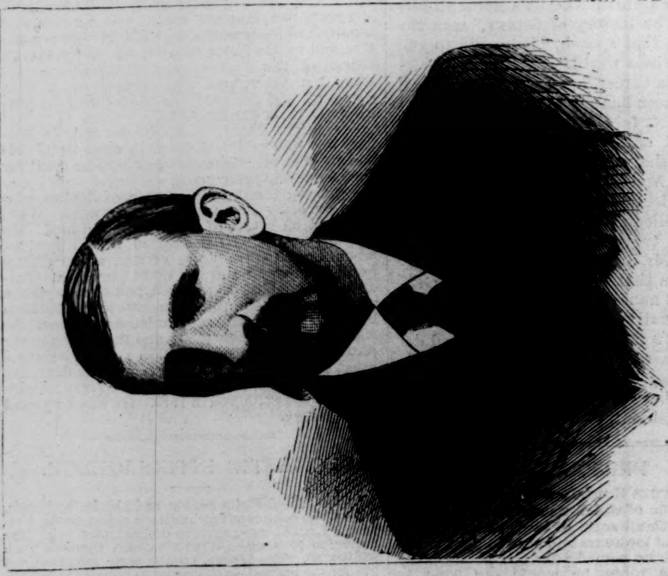
The insurgent Cuban General Agramonte has been worsted by the Spaniards and compelled to abandon all his horses in the mountains. General Garcia has been abandoned by forty of his men, who have deserted to the Dons.

Dispatches from Berlin announce that a bill will soon be presented in the Reichstag directed against the Jesuits. It is understood that it will deprive members of the rights of citizenship.

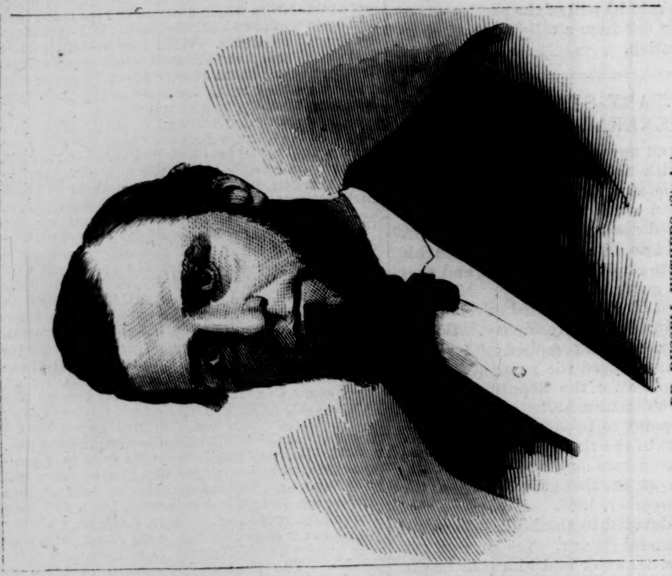
Charles James Lever, the well-known author, died at Trieste June 3, aged sixty-six years.

EDWARD SMITH (Bow Oar).

ALEXANDER HANDY.

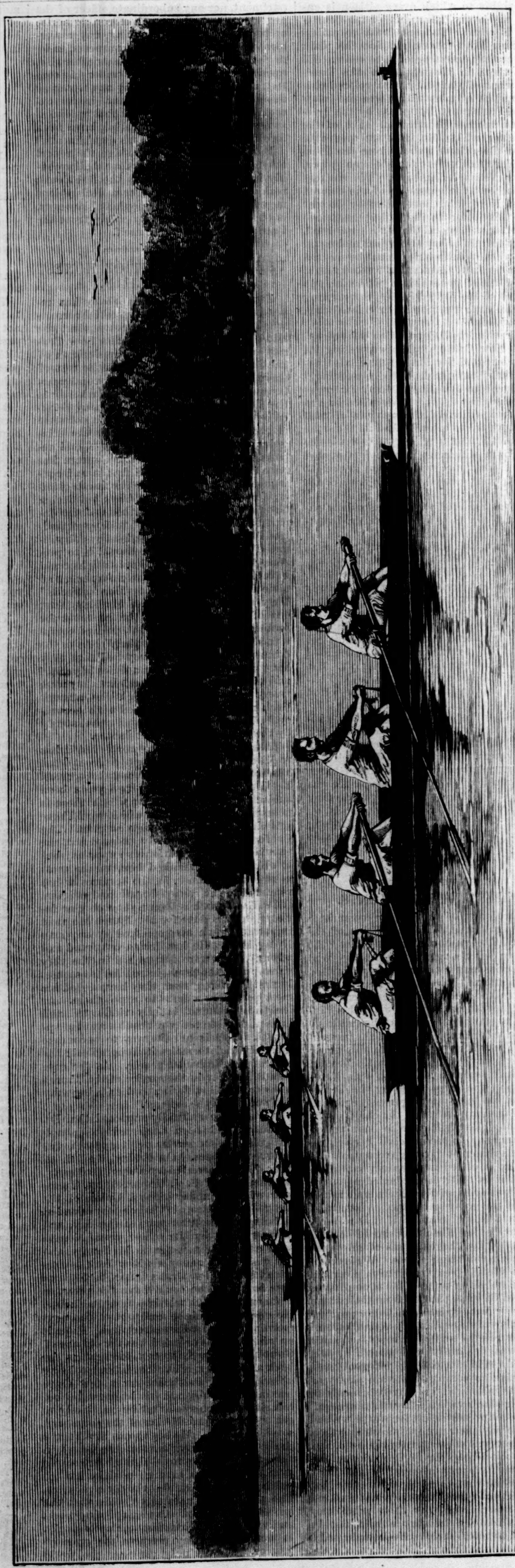


THEODORE VAN RADEN.



DR. RUSSELL WITHERS (Stroke).

THE AMERICAN CREW.—[From Photographs by Rockwood.]



American Crew. English Crew.

THE INTERNATIONAL ROWING MATCH—THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH CREWS IN THEIR BOATS.—[See Page 490.]

THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE—VIEW OF THE COLISEUM.—On Wood by D. C. Hitchcock, from the Drawings of the Architect, N. G. Preston.—[See Page 486.]

THE BOSTON JUBILEE BUILDING.

THE World's Peace Jubilee, held in the city of Boston, commencing on the 17th inst. and terminating July 4, promises to be the grandest in all the history of monster festivals of music. Compared therewith the Jubilee of 1869 fades almost into insignificance, in the size of the building, the capacity for seating, the excellence of the music, the ability of the choruses, the number and celebrity of the soloists, as well as the eminence of the invited guests.

The Coliseum building, of which we present a handsome illustration on page 485, is the largest structure of the kind ever built, and has accommodations for 100,000 spectators. It is unique in style, and possesses considerable architectural beauty. The work of building advanced with great rapidity, owing to the large number of persons employed upon the structure. The working-men were so subdivided and classified that there was no clashing of interests, and during the construction of the building the carpenters and gas-fitters worked side by side. It may be mentioned here that after the recent gale which overthrew a portion of the structure certain improvements were made in its shape, while the stability and security of the whole, we are assured, have been so severely tested that timid persons need not have the slightest fear of any accident or collapse.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RIVER LEGEND.

ONE more wooded reach, through which the sun, now low in the unclouded heavens, rained gold, and then the river inn came full in sight. It was a picturesque building, standing in a garden, and without hedge or boundary of any kind save the stream itself, down to which it sloped. On the lawn were two ladies looking eagerly toward the approaching galley, and waving their pocket-handkerchiefs in sign of welcome. At the landing-place was a cart, with servants.

"Is that the cart for the luggage, Arthur?" inquired Mrs. Somers, still fidgety respecting her goods and chattels: "why, it can surely never take all our things."

"Your aunt and Miss Blanche are waving their handkerchiefs to us," remarked Helen, at the same moment. "Why don't you take off your hat, Arthur?"

But Arthur heard them not. There was a fascination for him in the place before him, of which they did not dream, and it held all his thoughts in thrall. He was still young in years, but travel and peril and a wild and rough career had made him something wholly different from the boy who had bidden adieu to that fair scene five years ago. A score of times he had leaped ashore where yonder skiff was moored, and in the summer twilight hurried across the noiseless grass to greet his love; a score of times at that latticed window looking to the south he had seen her face on the watch for him. By that red beech, under the harvest-moon, he had parted from her, with vows of eternal fidelity—at least on one side. Suppose, in spite of what he had heard from the boatman, she should be at the *Welcome* still! Yet, if so, her father, plump and portly, would be standing at the inn door; he always came that far to welcome the county folks; but as for the ordinary water wayfarers—the bare-legged, jersey-coated tenants of eight-oars and four-oars—the arrival of a whole argosy of such would never have drawn him from his snug parlor behind the bar. Once, years and years ago, to meet Squire Percival, who had carried the county in the Whig interest, Jacob Renn had been known to come down to the landing-place; but a great political principle had been involved in that movement, and it had never occurred again. Still, Jenny might be there. The garden, that was her pride, looked, indeed, not quite so well cared for as of old; but the old house was aglow with flowering creepers still, and what, if at her chamber window yonder, the purple blossoms of the wistaria should be pushed aside by a white hand he knew, and a face should shine forth, "looking ancient kindness" on his pain and falsehood! The soft shock of the barge as it skimmed the shore awoke him from these reflections, and he hastened forward to do the honors to his new guests. They were to be passengers on board the *Lotus* for the short remainder of its voyage—a mile or so of the most beautiful portion of the river; then, dropping through Swansdale Lock, they would emerge, not in view of the Hall, indeed, but quite close to it, and glide along its garden-grounds to the landing-steps. The ladies were already acquainted with one another. "What a *charming* day you have had for your expedition!" "Oh yes, it has been most *delightful*. How I *wish* you had been with us." etc., etc. Mr. Wynn Allardyce alone had to be introduced.

"My dear Arthur," whispered Mrs. Tyndall, "do, pray, take some notice of the new landlord of the *Welcome*; it is not old Jacob, you know, as it was in your time. He has been bowing and scraping for these five minutes."

"The new landlord! How very remiss of me!" If Tyndall's acknowledgments were tardy, the goodman of the house had certainly no cause to find fault with their cordiality.

"What a lovely boat! what a beautiful cabin, Arthur!" cried Blanche, enthusiastically. "It is like a boudoir."

"Yes, and these are not all its beauties, cousin. We have a picture in panel here, painted by Bargee, after Rembrandt."

He drew back the wooden partition that divided the apartment from the steerage, and disclosed the grimy features of Mr. Paul Jones, who had hoped to pass unobserved. This was rude of Tyndall, and, as he had his own reasons for knowing, highly imprudent; but he was once more in "tearing spirits," and scarcely cared what he did. In vain Blanche courtesied to "the Pirate" with all due solemnity; her fair face was purple with suppressed mirth, and when the laughter of the rest broke forth, she could no longer restrain it. Even Allardyce roared. Adair alone did not smile; perhaps he felt how dangerous it was for his friend to anger this man. The humor of the scene entirely did away with that stiffness which always follows the introduction of new elements into a social gathering. But for it Mrs. Somers would without doubt have put on her "company manners," which did not become the good old soul, and Helen would have been feverishly polite; as it was, with a rustle of silk, and a "Plenty of room here, Mrs. Tyndall," the former lady welcomed her contemporary, while their olive branches forgathered in less formal fashion.

The new-comers were of the same type as those they met—that is to say, they were dowager and daughter, plump and fair, well-dressed and well-looking, but personally they were very different people. Mrs. Ralph Tyndall was said to have the best manners of any lady of her age in Belgravia; we do not say "of her rank," because, unhappily, manners culminate at a certain comparatively low point in the social scale, and by no means improve with elevation. Her voice was low and gentle, but perfectly distinct. She talked with ease, but avoided subjects with which she was unacquainted. Her face, in place of the stereotyped smile of fashion, wore an about-to-be-pleased look, which charmed and encouraged the beholder. When she was displeased, the offender said to himself, not "How particular this old woman is!" but "What a fool I have made of myself!" or (if a rogue), "I am afraid I have shown my hand." But such occasions were rare. She was the idol of young men, to whom she was very plain spoken in her sweet way, but intensely charitable. The worst things she said of any one were courteously couched, and always spoken to their faces. She had her enemies (as such women always will have, so long as there are jades and scoundrels in the world), but they were at a loss for a bad name for her, and obliged to confine themselves to telling one another that her husband used to beat her, and had died of *delirium tremens*. The latter statement was a fact. She had suffered much as a wife—patiently, heroically—yet wept honest tears over her poor sottish husband's grave. Fair as she had been as a bride, she was scarce less attractive now even as to mere beauty, while a life of kindly deeds and honest thoughts had left upon her face such a serene reflection that any saint might have exclaimed, "Here's the wife for my money!" (or whatever expression seems a saintly equivalent). "I may have steeled my heart against a woman, but this is an *angel!*" And yet she was dressed in purple and fine linen, edged with real lace, and lived in Eaton Square.

Miss Blanche, as a step-daughter, would have astonished the saint. She doted on croquet, and when at a ball, had a preference for round dances; but she was an honest-hearted English girl, for all that, and a gentlewoman from the crown of her Dolly Varden hat to the sole of her high-heeled Balmorals. Of course she had never been one of a shipwrecked party of three-and-thirty "waiting" for a sick boy, but in such experiences of life as had fallen to her share, she had been always fully equal to the occasion. She was always perfectly at ease, whether in the company of princes (she had danced with one once at a garden-party, and had had the courage to confess she thought him dull), or of the peasants about what had once been her Berkshire home, for she entertained the rare idea that they were equally her fellow-creatures. For the rest, she sang a little, painted a little (though not on velvet, so her cheeks were safe), read a little (novels mostly, Heaven bless her!), and had a sharp tongue for a rival. She had an eye, too, for the picturesque, and pointed out with enthusiasm to Helen various points of beauty on the way.

"How good of you!" said Helen, not quite knowing what to say; but bent upon being friendly, "since all these things must be so familiar to you as almost to be wearisome."

"Oh no," replied Blanche, gravely. "The more I see of the river the more I love it. It has always new charms, as you will find. How I shall envy you when you come to Swansdale for *good!*"

"Of course she will," laughed Arthur. "She will envy you *me*, my dear."

At this Blanche beat him with her parasol, and Helen looked on, well pleased. If there really *had* been any thing between the cousins in old times, thought she, it was certainly all over now, or he would not have ventured on such a pleasantry.

"We are now coming to my favorite 'bit,'" said Blanche, "and what used to be Arthur's too, before his outlandish experiences put him out of conceit with dear old Father Thames. He denies that, of course; but how a man can possess a place like Swansdale, and not visit it for months after he comes to England, is to me incredible."

"I kept that pleasure," explained Arthur, gravely, "until the time (which has now arrived) when it should be doubled by being shared by the loveliest of her sex."

It was now Helen's turn to administer chastisement. "What a naughty story-teller your cousin is!" she said. "Hush! What is that!"

"That is the thunder of our Niagara, the lasher," said Blanche. "All day long you will hear its dreamy music at the Hall, and when at night you would fain sleep, you have only to picture its tumbling depths of foam to insure it. That great chalk cliff opposite is haunted."

"Haunted!"

"Certainly. There used to be a ferry-house yonder, but it has been done away with on account of the ghost. Nobody could be got to put people across after nightfall."

"Oh, *pray* tell us the story, Blanche."

"I *am* so frightened!" whispered that rogue Tyndall; "might I get a little nearer to you, Helen?"

There was not the least occasion for him to do that, but she did not forbid it.

"Well, once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a lock-keeper at Swansdale who had a very charming daughter. Her name was Janet, and she was the toast of the river."

"They called her 'the Fair One of the Golden *Locks*,'" interpolated Tyndall.

"Be quiet, Sir. Well, her pretty head got turned by the attentions of the gentlemen-boatmen, and instead of wedding the young ferryman to whom she was engaged, and in whose company she would doubtless have crossed safely the river of Life, she married above her station. She had no one to blame but herself, for even her father disapproved of the gentleman she had chosen—a wild, extravagant young man, belonging, if I remember right, to some regiment quartered at Windsor; but she *would* have him, and paid a sad penalty for it. He ill-treated her, and she ran away from him."

"With somebody else," observed Arthur, by way of chorus.

"I am afraid she did," continued Blanche; "but, at all events, what her poor father heard of her was so bad, that it was almost a relief to him when he heard nothing at all, and began to conclude that she was dead. Just before dawn on a certain summer morning, he was aroused by that cry of 'Lock, Lock, Lock!' which you have heard so many times to-day; but musical and melancholy as it always is, there was something in its tones that sounded to the old man's ear much more pathetic and plaintive than usual. It was a woman's voice, too, which it was rare to hear, and especially at such an hour. He rose and dressed himself, and came out upon the little bridge. The day was breaking, and the mist lay on the river, so that he couldn't see up stream; but the low, sweet call came nearer and nearer, and he began to open gates. There was no sound of oars, however, nor beat of hoof; nothing save that pitiful cry and the roar of the lasher, which he was too familiar with to hear, broke the silence of the dawn. Presently the cry was repeated, apparently at his very feet, and out of the silver mist floated into the lock itself his lost daughter, Janet! Dead, drowned, with her golden hair floating about her like riverweed, and her hands clasped over her heart, she had come home at last."

"Poor soul!" sighed Helen. "Did it not break her father's heart?"

"Yes. He took that ghostly call for a summons to the tomb, and died; and what was worse, the poor ferryman, her lover, was summoned also; for every succeeding night there was a cry of 'Ferry!' 'Ferry!' 'Ferry!' 'Fer!' 'Fer!' 'Fer!' 'Ferry!' coming through the mist, and echoing with painful importunity from the chalk-pit—and the voice was a woman's voice that he well knew. He never dared to answer that appeal, and when real people, passengers of flesh and blood, demanded his services at night, he would not give them. And so the ferry was done away with."

"Really! For that very reason?" inquired Helen.

"Yes, my dear," said Arthur; "the story was said to have been invented by the clerk of the Thames Commissioners for an excuse to reduce their staff."

"You know it's true, Arthur," insisted Blanche, "and also that the chalk cliff is haunted by all three of them."

"Yes; they play dummy-whist together," asserted the Incorrigible. "In the early summer mornings you may hear them calling for trumps, and crying 'Treble, treble, tre—tre—tre—tre—treble, and the rub!'"

"You may laugh as you please, cousin; but all I know is, that the call only ceased when the poor ferryman died—"

"And when the ferry was abolished, you should have added," said Tyndall. "Singularly enough, the cry of 'Lock!' is still occasionally heard."

As though to corroborate this statement, the tremulous call, "Lock, lock, lock!" was raised by the horseman at this moment, and repeated in plaintive tones by the chalk-pit; and the great gates were seen closed before them, as though the river had found its end. On the right hand, however, some portion of it made its way over the lasher, above whose roaring depths the feathery spray hung like a cloud. The trees, save for the towing-path, came down on each side to the water's edge; and between the lasher and the lock was a green island with the trim cottage of the gate-keeper standing in a blaze of flowers.

"How charming! how exquisite!" exclaimed Helen.

"Dear heart, how pretty!" cried Mrs. Somers.

"I knew you would admire it," said Blanche, proudly; "it is the gem of the Thames."

The ladies all emerged from the cabin the better to behold this beautiful scene. Since the arrival of the new-comers Adair had been making himself agreeable to the two elder ladies. If his ears had listened greedily to Blanche's voice as it narrated the river legend, his eyes had not wandered toward her, but had fixed themselves ever and anon with a pained anxious glance on his unconscious friend. Now that the opportunity offered, he drew quite close to Arthur, and, while affecting to be admiring nature with the rest, addressed him thus in a low tone: "Be careful, Tyndall. You will see an old friend at the lock—the people at the *Welcome* told me—"

"Great Heaven! you don't mean—"

"Hush! yes."

No name was spoken, but Arthur read on his friend's finger-guarded lips two words: "*It's Jenny.*"

CHAPTER IX.

HOME.

SLOWLY and sullenly the great gates parted before them, and the *Lotus* glided into the lock. It was not a short-handed establishment, as many had been through which they had passed that day, and where the help of their own crew had been gladly accepted, for two men worked the winches, while another looked on with a pipe in his mouth. This on-looker was a stout old fellow in decent black, whose duties seemed to be confined to fishing for sixpences with a little landing-net at the end of a long pole, and to seeing that nobody trod upon the flower plots that adorned the sloping lawn. Even the grass itself he would have kept sacred if he could.

"Keep to the stone, gentlemen, if *you* please," exclaimed he, as Adair and Allardyce jumped out, according to their custom, to stretch their legs, while the barge sunk to the required level. "The sward is slippery, and an accident soon happens.—Why, bless my soul, Mr. Adair, how are you? Surprised to see old Jacob here, I dare say? The fact is, though I gave up the inn, I found I couldn't live away from the old place, so I bought out the lock-keeper, and here I am, with all the work done for me. That suits me to a nicety. You know young Mr. Tyndall is coming back to-day, I suppose? What! you've got him there?—Why, Master Arthur, how *do* you do?"

Tyndall had come out of the cabin, reluctantly enough, to receive the old man's hearty salutation, and not without difficulty reached the shore, for the boat was sinking rapidly. It was some comfort to him to reflect that in another moment or two he would be concealed from the observation of its tenants.

"The idea of your trying to slip by without saying 'How d'ye do?' to old friends! Lawk-a-mercy, how brown and hearty you do look! Jenny, Jenny!"

As he raised his voice, calling to some one in the house, Arthur cast a hasty glance toward the barge, but it was already out of sight.

"Here's Mr. Arthur, Jenny; come out and greet him, wench! Lor bless us, it don't seem but yesterday when you left us! I remember your coming down the last night to the *Welcome*, and I opened a bottle of Champagne—ah, that I did—to drink you luck. And you've had luck too, if all I've heard is true. Got a pretty wife, hasn't ye, with plenty of money?—Here, Jenny, lass, here's Mr. Arthur; come and bid him joy!"

The name of Jacob Renn's daughter was in reality Alice, but she was always called Jenny Wren—chiefly, doubtless, from the temptation of the pun, but also from a certain bird-like brightness and vivacity that distinguished her. Bright as a bird she was, with cheeks as brown as the berry it feeds on, yet without touch of coarseness. On the contrary, except in the eyes of those who deem Nature herself vulgar, her appearance was essentially refined. Her rich brown hair was so long and plentiful that, so far from needing dead women's locks, or a horse-tail, to plump it out, she had much ado to stow it away in a queenly crown. She was tall, but of an exquisite figure, and though simply dressed in very sober colors, looked every inch a lady. And yet it was neither her beauty nor her grace that struck the observant eye, so much as the extraordinary intelligence of her expression. Her face did not need a smile to win you; her brow and eyes attracted you at once. To be sure, on most occasions, her eyes did duty for her lips in the way of smiles; but they did not do so now. They were very grave and steady, though not sad, as she stood at the cottage door with outstretched hand to greet Arthur Tyndall.

"Why, Jenny, how you are grown!" said he. Though the rest were out of ear-shot, thanks to the roar of the lasher, his tone was studiously careless, but there was a tremor in it which all his efforts could not conceal.

"Yes," answered she, significantly: "grown out of all knowledge."

"Oh, Jenny, spare me!" answered he, in low, earnest tones. "You don't know all."

He would have retained her hand, but she withdrew it from his passionate grasp.

"Why *should* I know?" said she, quietly. "I have neither the right nor the desire to do so."

She had drawn herself up to her full height; but her eyes spoke neither haughtiness nor reproach—only quiet decision.

"If you have not the desire, Jenny, you must think me in your heart a scoundrel."

The color mounted to her glorious forehead; but she shook her head.

"Give me ten minutes," he went on, "only ten minutes—alone—"

"Not five, not one," she answered. "It would be both wrong and cruel."

"That is what you said when, in your unselfish generosity, you forbade me to write to you; and see what has come of *that!*" replied he, bitterly.

The warm blood left her cheeks even more quickly than it had come; her whole frame trembled, and she put out one hand and grasped the pole of the veranda. He saw her weakness, and would have given the world to have rushed forward and placed his arm around her, but he dared not.

"For what is past I do not blame myself, nor

you—Mr. Tyndall," answered she, faintly. "But I should blame myself, indeed, if I suffered you to renew—I mean if I assumed the right to ask for an explanation of your conduct, or permitted you to give one. Your friends are waiting for you yonder."

"To-morrow and every other day," gasped Arthur, desperately, "at the same hour and place as— Jenny, Jenny!" But, with a gesture of annoyance and disdain, the girl had withdrawn into the cottage, whither he felt it would be madness to follow her. The barge was full in sight, waiting for him by the shore beneath the lock, and all eyes might be upon him. One pair of eyes, which he had not bargained for, was watching him with great intentness, the owner whereof stood on the little bridge across which he needs must go to gain the boat.

"Why, Glyddon," cried Tyndall, as he turned and recognized this personage, who had a fishing-rod in his hand, "did you spring out of the lock? I never saw you when I landed."

"I have been looking for your arrival these two hours," said the other, shaking hands with him heartily, "and to pass the time have been fishing off the weir. Welcome home, Tyndall! And especially do I give you joy upon another account. Hark! that is what our bells are saying also."

Above the roar of the waters came plunging through the air the first notes of a merry peal from the church-tower, just visible above the more distant trees.

"In a few weeks more, I suppose, they will be ringing on a still more joyful occasion?"

"I suppose so—that is, I have every reason to hope they will," returned Arthur. "Have you been introduced to Miss Somers?"

"Yes; Adair did me that honor; then sent me back to call you. You paid no notice to his outcries, he said, but would doubtless hear the church. Our friend Jack is as funny as ever."

"My ear is not so accustomed to the noise of the lasher as it used to be," explained Arthur. "I can scarcely hear myself speak here; so let us move on. How is your flock? I see by your looks that I need not inquire after the shepherd."

The Rev. Charles Glyddon was certainly a healthy-looking man enough, though far from handsome. He was very tall and angular; had such high cheek-bones that he seemed to look over them with difficulty, as a cow looks over a wall; and though a college contemporary of Arthur's, at whose recommendation his father had given him the living of Swansdale, had no air of youth about him. Notwithstanding his present pursuit, he wore full canonical attire; *videlicet*, a silk waistcoat without buttons—how he got into which was a standing miracle to most of his congregation—and a white tie of great stiffness and altitude.

"The flock is well," he said, "and especially the lambs are flourishing, thanks to the good teaching of Miss Alice Renn—"

"What! does Jenny still teach?" asked Tyndall, with a sudden interest that contrasted strangely with his previous lukewarm manner.

"Certainly; though we have given up calling her Jenny. Our school could ill spare her services. She has fortunately plenty of leisure on her hands; for the old man seems to have made his fortune at the *Welcome*, where, however, she was sadly out of place."

"Yes, indeed," laughed Tyndall. "Do you remember how old Jacob used to boast of her having had an offer of marriage from a lord? And so she had, I believe: a lord in the upper remove fifth form at Eton, aged fifteen years and a half. She used to be called the Toast of the Thames."

"I remember to have heard so," said the rector, gravely. "It was a very painful position altogether."

"What on earth has kept you all this time, Arthur!" exclaimed a chorus of female voices, for the two had now reached the barge.

"The church," answered Arthur, piously; "I was listening to this reverend man. He wants subscriptions for the repair of the chancel."

"Really, Tyndall, you are too bad," said the rector, reprovingly.

"I told him, from what I knew of Allardyce, that I was sure he was good for a painted window, and we have put down Paul Jones for a gargoyle."

"You have only to take a cast of his expressive countenance," observed Allardyce.

"Or, if you want any brass ornaments, melt it," suggested Tyndall.

"I owe you one for that," muttered Mr. Paul Jones, between his teeth.

"Never mind, Paul; it's the first I O U he has ever got out of *you*," whispered his cynical friend.—"Come, Tyndall, confess what was the attraction at the cottage that kept you so long away."

"I know," said Jack, coolly; "but perhaps it would be hardly right to tell."

Mr. Glyddon, who had come on board the barge, now slowly poled upon its way, looked up sharply at the speaker. Arthur's eyes wandered nervously toward Helen. Had she caught sight of Jenny or not? he wondered. He did not doubt his friend's good-will or prudence; but perhaps it would be necessary for Jack to say something to which it must needs be embarrassing and painful for him to listen.

"Come, out with it!" said Allardyce, coarsely. "His father-confessor is here to give him absolution."

The rector frowned, not because the observation was personally rude, though, considering the speaker was a stranger, it undoubtedly was so, but because he disliked jesting on such subjects.

"Well, as I remember Tyndall in our old river days," continued Adair, "he never could pass that cottage without testing its famous tap of shandy-gaff—beer and ginger-beer, ladies, no worse."

Helen's face was clouded.

She *had* seen Jenny, then, thought Arthur, and evidently resented this lame explanation of his conduct; she would now imagine that the girl had been always at the lock, and had formed its attraction for him, which would be making matters even worse than they were.

"I don't think 'shandy-gaff' could have been quite a sufficient excuse for Arthur keeping us all waiting, Mr. Adair," observed Mrs. Ralph Tyndall, in her gentle tones; "but I should have thought very ill of him if he had not given a few minutes to his old friend and playfellow, Alice Renn.—Her father used to keep the *Welcome*, Helen, when Arthur was quite a boy, and though he left it for some years, the charms of the old place, it seems, proved too strong for him, for he came back some months ago, and took the lock cottage; though, to look at the old man, you would scarce have given him credit for such sentiment."

"No, indeed," said Helen, once more all smiles. "And yet I do not wonder at any effect produced by the scenery of Swansdale. How grandly the gray church-tower stands out against the sky yonder! And oh, Arthur! is that beautiful place the Hall?"

"Yes, dear, that is the Hall, or at least the roof of it." He was really gratified that the place he could still call his own, in spite of waste and revel, awoke such evident admiration. "The interior will want a good deal of what your good mother calls 'setting to rights,' and no doubt will therein afford you an opportunity of showing your excellent good taste," he whispered; "but it is picturesque enough outside."

Swansdale Hall was more than picturesque; it was a really noble mansion, and of great antiquity.

"Did you say the Hall was in sight?" asked Mrs. Somers, nervously. "Oh, dear me, yes; I see it now. Very pretty, I'm sure, though not quite so spacious as I had expected."

"Nay, my dear madam, the Hall is hidden by the trees again just here," explained Arthur, smiling. "That is the cottage where Uncle Magus lives, and this is his garden. One of his few pleasures is the cultivation of roses, and many a prize has he taken at the flower-shows for them."

The shore was, indeed, here a bank of roses, the odor from which filled all the air. The cottage itself, with its carved porch and mullioned windows, was but a gymnasium for them whereon to climb and cling and hang, peering inquisitively, head downward and with flushed faces, against the latticed panes, or struggling, by means of the quaint gables, to reach the roof. Beneath this fairy dwelling was a boat-house, the gates of which had been already opened to admit the barge.

"Welcome to Swansdale!" exclaimed Tyndall, graciously, as they glided in.

"Welcome home!" answered a grave, clear voice.

On a wooden gallery which ran round the boat-house, and at the top of the steps that led down to the water, stood a gigantic figure, clothed in black velvet, and with a long white beard.

"Lawk-a-mercy!" ejaculated Mrs. Somers, beneath her breath.

"Uncle Magus," said Arthur, leaping out, and clasping the old man's hand, "let me introduce you to my friends."

As each of the company came up the steps, the old man saluted them in different fashion. To the rector he offered his whole hand; to Jack Adair he gave a couple of fingers; to Allardyce and Paul Jones a stately inclination of the head; Mrs. Ralph and Blanche he kissed upon the cheek; Helen he held at arms-length, regarding her attentively for some moments, and then pressed his lips to her brow.

"What will he do to *me?*" was the agonized thought of Mrs. Somers, as she regarded these proceedings, for, for some to her inexplicable reason, she had been kept by Arthur to the last, as a *bonne bouche* for this ogre.

"I shall make *you*, madam, my peculiar care," said the old gentleman, gallantly, and lifting her gloved hand to his lips. "The mother of Arthur's choice has a claim upon me which my heart can never fail to acknowledge."

"Most polite of your uncle, I'm sure," observed the dowager to Arthur, as they followed the rest up a winding path toward the house. "But I was really too frightened to answer him. Why *does* he dress like that—like a pen-wiper at a fancy fair—all black? When I come to know him a little better, I shall certainly give him a hint or two about that."

"It is his fancy to wear velvet," said Arthur, gravely, "and it is best not to interfere with it. As for the black, he is in mourning for his only son, though his death happened twenty years ago."

"Poor Mr. Maggot!"

"Not Maggot—Magus. He is very particular about his name, which he would not exchange for that of Guelph or Hapsburg."

"Why *should* he?" answered the old lady. "Of course nobody likes to be called out of their names: only it's unfortunate he should have such a funny one. Does he always live here?"

"Always; and I hope will continue to do so."

"Rent free, I dare say? Now that's just like you, Arthur."

"Hush! pray. We are all very fond of him, and it must never be supposed that he is under any obligation. I need not ask you to be kind to him; but if you ever feel inclined to smile at his eccentricities, pray, for my sake, forbear to do so—that is, of course, in his presence."

"Lor, you needn't be afraid of that. I'm frightened to death of him. The idea of his kissing my glove! It's a mercy I had my four-and-nines, or the color would have come out for certain.—Well, you *'ave* got a fine 'ouse—house, I mean—that's my 'uskiness again, through the situation being a little damp, I dare say, so near the river. You may build a couple of towers on to any place, and call it a Castle; or stick a few pillars in front of it, and call it a Belvideary; but this is something like a 'All."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is well known from Scandinavian traditions, as also from the evidence of the sagas, that during the last centuries of paganism, constituting the viking period, or the earlier iron age (700 to 1000 B.C.), deceased sailors were frequently buried in their boats, and a tumulus heaped over them. This has been verified by the occasional discovery, in Norway and Sweden, of tumuli containing boats, which, however, in nearly every instance, were so much decayed as to furnish very little information in regard to their mode of construction.

Quite recently, in excavating a tumulus in the parish of Tune, near the town of Frederickstadt, the timbers of a boat were brought to light; and this fact being communicated to the Society for the Preservation of Norwegian Antiquities, the disinterment was prosecuted with the greatest caution. The lowest layer of the tumulus proved to consist of stiff potter's clay, and the upper of different kinds of earth. The portion of the vessel imbedded in the clay was preserved almost perfectly, that above it being almost entirely decayed. The central portion was in the best condition, as there the clay was thickest, the extremities being considerably injured. On removing the surrounding earth the remaining timber proved to be quite firm and hard, most of the nails being undamaged and still holding their places. The boat was clinker-built, of oak, and put together with iron nails; only the ribs and the wooden nails found in some places were made of fir. The keel, which consists of a single piece of wood in good preservation, is forty-three and a half feet in length, and the boat was probably fully thirteen feet in width, and not more than four feet in height from the keel to the gunwale, and with both ends pointed.

The vessel must have been low and flat, and probably unfit for stormy seas. It was prepared for using both oars and sails, the remains of a mast being still very evident. The work was executed with great care, and the vessel must have been quite elegant in its time. All the boards are ornamented with mouldings, both inside and out, and there were carved ornaments to be seen on the upper side of the ribs.

No small implements were seen, except the rudder, which was made of fir, the blade being four feet seven inches long and ten inches wide. At the top of the stern is a square hole for the tiller, standing perpendicularly on the flat side of the blade.

The body of the owner of the vessel was buried in the space just behind the mast beam, the spot being indicated by small flat wooden blocks sunk in the clay, and laid in a square alongside of the boat and across it. With the human bones were associated the bones of a horse, accompanied by a few colored beads, some cloth compactly rolled together, the fragments of a saddle, part of a snow-skate, etc.

It was inferred from the bits of cloth that the body was buried in its clothing, with the horse, saddle, and snow-skates by its side. The article from which we borrow this account states that this is the only vessel extant from the viking period, so far as known, and the most ancient that has been preserved, with the exception of one in Denmark. The vessel and the articles found in it have been taken to Christiania, and added to the collection of Norwegian antiquities belonging to the university.

Mr. Augustus Siebe, an eminent mechanician, died in London on the 15th of April, at the age of eighty-four. This gentleman was well known for the ingenuity and excellence of the diving machinery constructed by him; and many of the improvements in this apparatus now in use in public and private establishments in England have been of his invention.

An inaugural meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science was held in Paris, in the latter part of April, under the presidency of M. Claude Bernard, when it was stated that a guarantee fund of $20,000 had already been subscribed, and would probably be increased. It is still undecided whether to hold a meeting in August next at Lyons, Bordeaux, or Lille. The great object of this association is to antagonize the tendency to the concentration of all science in Paris, as planned by the first Napoleon.

M. De Mortillét, in an article upon the human skeleton lately found in the reindeer cave of Laugerie-Basse, in Dordogne, refers to the accompaniment of certain shells, of the genus *Cypræa*, or cowry, belonging to two different species; one of them found only in the Mediterranean, and the other occurring on the Atlantic coast of France. This, in his opinion, shows clearly that the reindeer people must have had relations with the Mediterranean to enable them to secure these objects of adornment. He thinks, too, that it is incorrect to call the cave-dwellers "troglodytes," inferring thereby that they lived exclusively in such localities. He rather inclines to believe that they only occupied the caves during the summer seasons, being nomadic more or less, and spending a considerable part of the year, possibly, in a different climate.

He is also of the opinion that it is improper to use the term "reindeer people," since there have been discovered in certain caves near Mentone, on the borders of France and Italy, remains evidently of precisely the same age as those of France, but where no reindeer bones are to be met with, and showing conclusively that in this region the reindeer did not occur. He proposes, therefore, to replace the vague term of "the reindeer period" by the more rational one of "the epoch of the Madeleine," a nomenclature that he has himself adopted in the arrangement of the specimens in the Museum of Saint Germain. M. De Mortillét also thinks, contrary to the assertion of some writers, that the climate of the Mediterranean, even in that period, was much the same as it is at present, and very different from that of the Atlantic slope of France; this difference being shown by the animal remains. Thus, on the western side there occurred the reindeer, the saiga antelope, the chamois, and the ibex, all of them animals belonging to cold regions, and none of them met with on the southern side. It is, therefore, not very astonishing if we find the man of the Madeleine period going north in the summer to hunt the reindeer, and returning in the autumn to the shores of the Mediterranean to enjoy the milder climate.

The American Palestine Exploration Society has lately received paper squeezes of two basaltic stones inscribed with Phœnician characters similar to, and perhaps companions of, the celebrated Moabite stone, of which we have heard so much. The acquisition of the stones themselves has been a subject of much rivalry between the British and American societies; in consequence of which the Arabs, believing them to be extremely valuable, have hidden them, although it is hoped without destroying them, as was done with the Moabite stone. These squeezes were obtained by two well-known Americans, Rev. D. Stuart Dodge and Frederick S. Winston, and have been forwarded by them to New York.

Pen-and-ink copies have already been received, and have lately been lithographed and distributed among American scholars. It is not certain that the stones from which these squeezes were taken are genuine antiquities, the Orientals being unfortunately too well versed in the art of manufacturing such objects, so as to meet any demand. There is, however, a strong probability that they are what they profess to be. At any rate, they will probably before long be subjected to such an examination by experts as will determine their true character.

It is well known to many of our readers that the French government erected a very extensive establishment at Hüningen, on the Rhine, for the purpose of collecting and hatching eggs of various choice varieties of fish, to be used in stocking the rivers and lakes of the country. This has passed, by the acquisition of Alsace, into the hands of the Germans, and a project is now on foot on the part of the French government to make the necessary arrangements for a similar breeding-house at Montbéliard. There already exist several establishments of the kind in France—one at La Buisse, and another at Clermont-Ferrand, the latter furnishing 30,000 ova of trout annually for replenishing the various streams in the department.

In an article in *The Academy* Mr. J. O. Westwood, an eminent entomologist, notices sundry works that have been published in Europe upon the lepidoptera, and remarks upon the immense number of new forms of these animals that still continue to be brought to light, notwithstanding the amount of attention they have received for many years past. He states that Mr. Buckley, who has just returned from a twelvemonth's visit to the eastern slope of the northern Andes, has brought back with him from one hundred and fifty to two hundred new species; and that in an immense collection of fifty thousand specimens of Costa Rica butterflies lately carried to London by Dr. Van Patten, a gentleman well known to American naturalists, there are not less than fifty species not previously described.

He takes occasion to read entomologists a lecture for their fondness for upturning the established nomenclature of species by bringing to light names which, although in reality prior to such as have been generally accepted, have yet been published in obscure works, and the introduction of which will tend very greatly to unsettle the ideas as to nomenclature that have been entertained by the great body of naturalists. It is not impossible, however, that in this he is mistaken; and if what is generally called the inflexible rule of priority is to be adopted for a binomial nomenclature, then the sooner the earliest name is brought to light and insisted upon as the proper designation of the species, the sooner will the subject be carried beyond the danger of further disturbance.

It may seem awkward to the present generation of students, who have become familiar with certain names, to change them, but their successors will not experience the same difficulty; and in having the subject settled authoritatively, once for all, they will have occasion to thank the bold innovator who risks the objurgations of his fellows for his daring conduct.

Reports have been received from Professor Agassiz and his party on the *Hassler* up to the 18th of March, at which time they had reached the coast of Patagonia. They were busily engaged in dredging and carrying on explorations along the shore, with a very fair measure of success. The details have not yet been announced, but we trust we shall have an opportunity before long of presenting these to our readers.

At the meeting of the Linnæan Society of London, held May 2, Professor Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, and Professor Notaris, of Genoa, were elected, on the recommendation of the council, to the two vacant places in the list of foreign members. The number is limited to fifty.

Among the more interesting collections lately received by the Smithsonian Institution, in the department of ethnology, is a mummied human head, retaining all the form and features of life, including the hair, lips, etc., but reduced by some peculiar process so as not to exceed the size of an ordinary fist. These heads are found among the Javaro tribes in the province of Chimborazo, in Peru, and are said to be of very great antiquity, there being no indication of recent preparation. They are believed to be the heads of enemies slain in battle, and preserved in this way as trophies of victory.

The interior of the head has been entirely emptied of flesh, bones, and brain; and the skin, which alone remains, by its contraction is thickened to the amount of more than the eighth of an inch. The lips are closely compressed, and through them are strung a series of knotted cords, which in their character call to mind the quipos of the ancient Peruvians. There is also a cord which is knotted inside of the top of the head, by which it is suspended.

No satisfactory explanation of the mode of preparation has been given, although there is a tradition that it is effected by introducing heated stones or sand into the cavity after the removal of the portions of the head referred to.

THE LAST SHOT OF THE HONORABLE SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.—HE PULLED THE LONG-BOW ONCE TOO OFTEN.

VINDICATED!—SWEEPING ACCUSATIONS.

THE INTERNATIONAL ROWING MATCH.

IN a five-mile straight-away race, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the morning of July 4, 1866, JAMES HAMILL, of Pittsburg, the champion oarsman of America, was badly beaten by HENRY KELLY, of Putney, England, the champion sculler of Great Britain, and the performance was repeated on the following day.

The dampening effect of these repulses of a man who had seemed so easily first among American rowers did not deter the Harvard students from making vigorous efforts to have our country and their own university represented in the races, open to the world, on the Seine, in connection with the Exposition at Paris in 1867, and had they been able to obtain one more tried and proved man to fill up their quota, there is little doubt that they would have had a strong eight-oared crew in that contest.

Two years later, on the afternoon of Friday, August 27, 1869, after one of the most brilliant and determined struggles in all the annals of aquatics, four chosen Oxford men—and probably the strongest four at the oar that their time-honored university ever owned—managed, at the end of four miles and three furlongs, to put a space of less than thirty feet between the stern of their boat and the bow of the frail little craft that carried the first amateur rowers—the four of Harvard University—who ever crossed the Atlantic to try conclusions with these men who had long thought themselves, and whom most others thought, invincible.

More than a year ago the Atalanta Boat Club of New York strove to prevail on the London Rowing Club to come and try conclusions with them, on some one of our broad rivers, in a six-oared race, generously offering to defray the expense of their visit; but that justly famous club, with its hundreds of members, and the capital of the world and the two greatest rowing universities to keep the supply ever on the increase, found itself obliged to decline this liberal offer, because it had not six "trustworthy men."

Encouraged, probably, rather than daunted by such a reason, the Atalanta men resolved to go over to England, and in their own climate and on their own favorite track, right in front of their very boat-house, meet these same renowned Londoners, and try to outdo what Harvard, contending against even greater odds, had been forced, three years earlier, on this very same course, to admit to be that day, and under the circumstances, her best.

On the 13th of last April, on the steamer *City of Montreal*, DR. RUSSELL WITHERS, THEODORE VAN RADEN, ALEXANDER HANDY, EDWARD SMITH, and LEANDER WATERBURY, the first four to compose the crew, the last to be ready, if needed, as a substitute, sailed for Liverpool, and the 30th of that month found them snugly ensconced at Hammersmith, on the Thames, near the middle of their racing course—the famous Putney to Mortlake—and also saw them out for their first paddle. If, before leaving home, they had not read their title entirely and unquestionably clear to the first place among the amateur oarsmen of this country, they had certainly earned a just prominence, while their whole course in striving to bring about this match, and their manifest desire for simple fair play, are very creditable to them.

A mishap befell the Atalantas which probably materially weakened their chances. A favorite builder on this side had built them a beautiful boat, weighing but about eighty pounds, while that of their rivals was nearer one hundred and fifty; but neglect of those who had her in charge in her passage across the ocean to keep her properly dry worked her ruin, and they were forced to depend on a craft which had to be built at very short notice, and with which, consequently, they had no time to become familiar.

We publish on page 484 a sketch of both crews at their practice on the Thames, right above Putney Aqueduct, and off the London Rowing Club houses. On the opposite bank are the beautiful grounds of the Bishop of London, stretching up almost to the famous Crab-tree Inn, while on the extreme left are the Soap-Works, so familiar to all who have seen or read of the annual inter-university contests over this very course. The river here is about 200 yards wide, and the tide rises about eighteen feet, and runs rather over four miles an hour. The entire track is shaped not unlike the letter S, and, with its many eddies, is an admirable one for the display of fine steering.

The four faces depicted on page 484 are thoroughly American, and it is not odd that they early found favor among their genial and whole-souled hosts and the English public generally.

CONCERNING TWO VOYAGES.

By MRS. ELIZABETH B. STODDARD.

I DECIDED to cross Long Island Sound in the New Medford propeller, instead of embarking in the steam palaces placed at the disposal of a public more anxious to spend money than I am. I travel alone, and carry considerable luggage. I am apt to take pots of plants, baskets stuffed with breakable articles, and packages of books—gifts to those I visit. I find that presents are always received cordially, and as an accompaniment a welcome to me is thrown in. On the occasion of this present journey I was, as usual, alone and heavily freighted. When I reached the pier I fell into a confusion of drays, all sorts of merchandise, and laborers. My hackman insisted that he could neither leave his horses nor drive me to the gangway: some one must come to our assistance. I waited, therefore, to be discovered by somebody connected with the boat. At this moment an immense dray thundered up, loaded with the painted chests of a party of emigrants; the emigrants themselves were scattered about the tops and crevices of their chests, stained and disordered with a long passage in the steerage of some foreign steamer. They interested me. I counted fourteen persons, men and women, boys and girls. Emigrants look and smell alike. The sea has a sort of moral Procrustean effect upon them: all are stretched on one miserable dull level. One of the party, however, differed. It was a young girl. As she stepped up the plank walk beside me I was struck with her composed and gentle face. Should she blush, laugh, or burst into tears, I knew that beauty would show her sign-manual. If fortune should favor her, her complexion would be fair, her hands delicate, her figure graceful. Poverty was evident enough in the faded flower in her hat, the creased ribbon round her neck, her well-worn dress of poplin. Still, I envied her. Youth and health are magnificent gifts; only if one lives, it is proved there is an "Indian giver:" the gifts are taken back.

The clerk of the boat, with a pencil over his ear, at last appeared, and, covering himself with my bundles, informed me that unexpected freight was making more business than usual, and would delay us in starting; eventually things would be *all right*. I followed him with a package of books, which burst and fell to the ground. The young girl quickly picked them up, and made a motion of carrying them for me. From her foreign aspect I expected to hold no communication with her, but as we entered the small cabin on deck devoted to the genteel passengers she spoke to me in English, marked with a strange accent. I questioned her, and she told me that she was from the island of Guernsey. Her mother was French, her father English, and both were dead. Her only relatives she was with now—her aunt and cousins. There were two families emigrating to New England for the purpose of farming, and they were going a great distance still. She sighed, and looked mournfully over the greater distance in her mind between her and the wild home she had left forever. I thought of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." Human beings come to pass their lives far from their native homes, groups of friends and relatives disperse and decay; strange people fall, as it were, from the clouds—some in Germany, some in England, some in America. These footballs of destiny, known as refugees, émigrés, adventurers, are sometimes harmless, inoffensive people, "helpless and astonished at their fate." Here was such a group in the land of the Puritans, with the purpose of wresting a livelihood from its cold, stern soil. I asked her about her home, and with a lively surprise she answered me. Some of her French relatives were Catholics; the people with her were Wesleyans—very good. Beautiful flowers grew in Guernsey. Had we such rose trellises and thick jasmine—and fowls? Heu! what beauties her mother once had by the cliff!

"Margret!" called a deep voice.

"It is my cousin Joseph," she said, hastily turning. "He knows I should not enter here."

She made a little sign of adieu, and tripped away as lightly as her ugly boots would allow.

I arranged my traps, set up my state-room keeping, and was ready to be amused. Several persons occupied the cabin, in a frame of mind which deprived them of all naturalness; the sea to them was a coffin between heaven and earth. The open hatchway yawned between the pilot-house and the cabin windows. The crew, superintended by Mr. Brown, the mate, were at the same time lading and unlading the boat. With the crane and hooks, their hands, the men were hoisting, hauling, and shouldering with all their might. I began to feel an interest in this excitement of labor, this steady muscular effort, where the will worked as evenly with it as the stroke of an engine. I felt with Caleb Garth, "the indispensable might of that myriad-headed, myriad-handed labor by which the social body is fed, clothed, and housed."

"Bear a hand, boys," called Mr. Brown, "on them pea-nuts below.—Here, you there!" champing his jaws on his quid of tobacco, addressing some dock loafers waiting for a job, "pitch in. We must have light enough to go through the Gate, or we sha'n't get off to-night."

"The moon will light us through," said a young man, shoving his crumpled hat from his forehead, and looking at me with a bright, fearless smile. I am sure that he was aware of my interest. I had already selected him as the smartest in the gang, the most good-humored; and, soiled as his face and hands were, he was very handsome. A dark face, perfectly regular features, jet-black locks, and pearl-white teeth; his arms, where his blue shirt sleeve was rolled up, were white and firm, and the rim of throat above his collar was like a white column. A row of men walked to and fro on the plank slide, carrying bags of shelled pea-nuts, which were hooked up from the ground and put into drays; holes were made in the bags, and the nuts ran out; and my handsome friend politely handed me a handful through the window, apologizing for his hands in excellent Yankee-English.

"I should think your hands would be very sore," I said.

"Sometimes, when I work at the tackle; but I am going to put on my kids when we hoist in the casks. There's nothing like being used to it." With the utmost gravity, down he went for another bag, and the rest of the row raised their eyes to mine, without surprise, as they passed on close to me. I determined to invite Margret in to witness this sublimity of work, and went forward for that purpose. The emigrants were dispersed about the bales and boxes, as they were about their chests, idle and aimless. The aunt, with her own little girl lying in her lap, sat against a bale nibbling biscuit. Her husband, a mild, melancholy man, stood by her reading to himself from a small New Testament. Joseph, his legs dangling from a box, rough and severe-looking, kept Margret within the limits of his eyes. As I spoke to her, a restless, distrustful expression came into them, and a sudden conclusion came to me that he was in love with her, and fully determined that no one else should be. She looked at her aunt when I asked her to come with me, and seeing no refusal in her face, rose willingly. We fixed ourselves each by a window, and Margret, from the force of my sympathy, perhaps, grew observing and absorbed. It was evident at once that all the men knew that a pretty young girl was overlooking them. She had taken off her shabby hat, and tied a clean kerchief round her neck. The little window framed a sweet portrait. Her hair was very heavy, and she wore it in braids bound round her head. The water in the harbor was glittering with the rays of sunset, and the cargo was not yet in. Mr. Brown grew serious, and occasionally swore a frantic oath; the men frequently drank from the water-bucket, hitched up their trowsers, slapped their hands, and steadily increased their motive power. Large casks were hoisted in, swaying and threatening to crush those who handled them; but with outcries, cautions, and orders, they were safely poised and dropped. I learned, by listening, that my favorite bore the name of John. He seemed possessed with the mania of work: he and Mr. Brown inspired each other, and finally the whole gang were under their control. The sun set, the supper-bell rang, and we had not started. The captain made a tardy appearance, and consulted with Mr. Brown. The moon rose, and still the loading went on. Finally, I heard Mr. Brown announce that, in "thirty more minutes, boys, we may shove off, and lay off till to-morrow."

The hatchway was fastened at last, the engine puffed, and we steamed out into the river. Things were soon reduced to ship-shape fashion, and every body settled down into the habits which a positive confinement induces.

Mr. Brown, the mate, sported a blue cap, dress boots, and a handsome watch-chain, and was all over the boat at once. The moon rose, the sky was emerald clear, the calm sea a shaded silver. It was too beautiful to go to bed; nobody except the melancholy passengers did go. The quadroon stewardess flitted up stairs and down, busy about supper for some of the hands; the emigrants were shut in their berths below. I went into the lower cabin, and discovered my friend John eating a good supper at one end of the table; at the other end sat Margret reading her nightly portion of the Bible.

"That's a good gal," said John, in a low voice, wiping his knife across a mighty slice of bread. "You might go a good ways and not find any body looking half as well."

I assented.

"S'pect you'll be disappointed the trip," he continued; "for we ain't going to get into Medford any thing like the right time."

"Mercy!" I answered; "have we got to paddle over the Sound all of to-morrow?"

"That's about the gee of it. You might be in a worse place." And he looked furtively at Margret.

"Do you hear, Margret?" I said. "We are to sail all day to-morrow."

She shut her book and moved toward me.

"I have sailed so many days," she remarked.

"When you are ashore for good," said John, with an easy air, "you will feel as if you were am-phib-i-ous."

Nothing breaks the ice between strangers like a laugh; and we all laughed. Consequently, in a short space John and Margret were conversing; and after making up my mind that they were doing very well I rose to leave them; but Margret rose hastily also, bade us a gentle good-night, and shut the door of her berth.

"I haven't decided whether I ain't mortally smitten by that young lady. She ain't strong on dress, but she's mighty pretty, and I guess about as good as they are made," John remarked, with a confiding air. "John Britton's time has come, maybe, to be laid low by the arrers of love."

"Like all men," I answered, tartly, "I expect you are something of a goose."

"Now," said he, with a curious and anxious solemnity, and looking at me as if I had authority over him, "I was sure that I could confide in a lady who carried canary-birds and green plants round: shows she is tender-hearted. My mother tends plants too, and she ain't unlike you, though she's a poor woman, and her husband is only a stevedore."

"It is easy enough to consider and look into your side of the case."

"Just so. Well, there's no hurry."

"There never should be."

The situation was ludicrous, and I thought best to get out of it, and did. I went to my state-room, and repeated, "What a ridiculous young man! and what has made me take a liking to him?" till I went from thoughts to dreams. I have constantly, however, met John Britton's type in every New England village I have tarried in. Self-confident, gay, utterly unable to recognize any thing pertaining to caste; outspoken every where, yet never vain or foolish enough to overstep the limits of his position and ignorance; sharp, but not suspicious; impulsive, but sure of his feelings; and not a bit proud of his handsome person. It being Sunday, there was a sense of quiet and rest about the boat the next morning. Some of the men were in their Sunday rig, John among them. His shore clothes changed him. As he passed me he touched his cap, and waited for me to speak.

"You might like to come into the pilot-house," he said; "ladies like to look for'ard. I am going to take a hand at the wheel, and mentioned the fact to your favorite, and she would like to come too."

"Oh, you have seen her already?"

"Had a spell of talk. They were all out bright and early. I asked her about her folks; she hasn't got any, and has nothing to depend on but the kindness of this aunt, who can't talk plain; they are plaguy like foreigners. I tried to get acquainted with them. Joseph, as she calls him, got into the way a good deal. I should like to give him a piece of my mind."

"Perhaps he has a right to be in Margret's way."

"You won't bet on that, will you?" he asked, growing very red. "Pshaw! what is it to me, I should like to know?"

He walked suddenly away.

When Mr. Brown invited me to the pilot-house I looked up Margret, who gave me a joyful smile. She, too, had improved her toilet, and naturally I liked her the better. She wore a blue merino basque buttoned to her throat, and trimmed there with a bit of clean lace. Her boots were neat also, and her hair beautifully braided. I felt as if she had endeavored to please me, she looked so inquiringly into my face with a child-like simplicity, not often seen in girls who know that they are handsome, as handsome girls always do know it. The aunt thanked me for politeness to her Margret in such a manner and accent that I thought she was recalling a time when the world went better with her. But Joseph's face betokened no gratitude as I drew Margret away. He looked as if he meant to follow her.

"Have you lived with your cousin Joseph?" I asked.

"Oh no, madam; but near him."

She looked conscious, and I suppose I did, for she was silent a moment, and then said, "Madam, he expects to marry me. I have not said 'no' to him, but I am not ready. It is thought best that I should accept him." She sighed.

"You are not unhappy about it?"

"I have no right, no need, to be unhappy, but I am young. I should like to live first, as I understand it. In the end I must not disappoint my relatives. They wish it, even Joseph's mother."

The poor child! What did she mean by living first? It was this: Joseph was austere, rigid in all his ideas. Once his door shut upon her as his wife, farewell to all the pleasures of her simple heart. No dancing, no music, no fêtes whatever—only labor and gloom, silence and solitude! My little romance was crushed in the bud. As we went into the pilot-house John stood at the wheel, and Mr. Brown sat by on a stool. John neither looked to the right nor the left, and was motionless, except when he turned a spoke up or down. How splendid I thought it to be "for'ard"—to look across the sea as our prow bore down its vast waste! The sun traveled high overhead, and the distant winding shores glittered with light, or reflected deep shadows, which pursued us. A soft, vaporous powder filled the distance here and there, through which the blue sky and the white clouds seemed to mingle. Before us a black, devious flight of sea-birds soared and sank. The spray sang under the keel, and struck the cabin windows on one side. We sat on a cushioned bench: it was like riding in Neptune's chariot. Margret directed my attention to a long dim cloud rising over the land.

"The wind will rise," she said.

"Mr. Brown," I asked, "is it going to blow?"

"As we come out of the lee of the land we will feel it more: we are getting pretty well out."

We began to swing more; bang came the spray; the wind roared.

"Haul down that jib, boys!" Mr. Brown ordered; and three or four men clattered about, and the sail came flapping down, putting out the sun, I thought, for it grew dim.

"Put her off a little, John," ordered Mr. Brown again, writing something on a slate.

I proposed returning to my state-room, and Mr. Brown accompanied me, remarking that he supposed I might think it was blowing great guns. And blow it did. We fell into the teeth of a gale, which increased fast. I was compelled to keep in my berth, not having any sea-legs to speak of. The boat rolled terribly. All the women were brought into the cabin on deck, and the captain, together with Mr. Brown, took turns at jokes and consolations. I set my door wide open, and Margret came to sit by me. In the afternoon the captain and Mr. Brown ceased to visit us. John Britton, however, appeared, and told us that he had begged the privilege of waiting upon us. He intended to put in an appearance every few minutes while it was his turn in. Margret met his glance with a quiet smile.

"You ain't the least afraid?" he inquired.

"No, indeed."

"It is pretty rough, and we sha'n't see Medford before midnight; the wind's ahead, what there is of it, and plenty of it, such as it is." He did his best to be lively, but he wasn't a bit: he knew how old the boat was, and how long it was since she had been repaired. We talked about marine disasters finally, and John told us some dismal ones, till we got into a miserable condition, and then he said he had only been telling yarns—not a word of truth had he spoken.

"I am going to fetch in a pot of tea," he said; "the stewardess won't be good for much by dark; and that will cheer you ladies, I guess."

We were sorry to lose him at all. He certainly was a companionable creature. The gale bound us all together; it was impossible not to fraternize. It grew more disagreeable; the water poured in occasionally at odd places, the engine labored like a horse with the heaves, the boat *duddered* at times, as if she were quite under water, but I thought that was propeller fashion. John soon returned; he had his leather belt on, with a knife stuck in behind. He brought a huge coffee-pot with tea already sweetened and with milk, and a basket with mugs, plates,

buttered biscuit, cookies, and slices of meat. He fed us every one, held the mugs of tea to the mouths of the seasick, and served the rations with impartiality. I was childish enough, when Mr. Brown came in, wet and tumbled, to ask him if John might remain with us.

"Really, marm, I do believe you have lost your grip; there is nothing to worry; it blows fresh, but in four hours we shall see Medford light. Yes, I s'pose he can stay; 'tain't rulable; I s'pose the capen won't objeck."

"I reckon not," replied John. "I believe I shall stay, if I can be of any use. Bill Vose can stand at the wheel; he is a first-rate steerer."

"Capen is there; when he ain't I shall be."

"Good."

"It is darker than darnation now," muttered Mr. Brown; "I don't know what it will be an hour from now. We'll put her through, though, and call for a meeting of the owners arterward."

Mr. Brown was evidently excited. I saw John give him a warning push, and shake his head. For the first time I felt uneasy. As soon as Mr. Brown had gone John urged us to rest. Margret asked me if she might spread her shawl on the floor of my room. John found a pillow for her head, and she stretched herself beside me; he enjoined silence upon every body, and took his post outside my door. Sleep was impossible, of course. For a while we were still. Margret raised herself softly, bent over me, and said, in a whisper,

"Madam, I know there is danger."

John's quick ear heard her whisper. He turned, and their eyes met. They both nodded; he went to her, took her hand, and said,

"Yes, you are right; can you bear it?"

"I can."

"I knew it. The boat is awfully strained: besides, we have lost our way, I think. I am pretty sure that Brown has lost steerage way, and we may go on the Sow and Pigs, instead of getting into Medford. I haven't crossed this sound four years without learning a little."

For a moment I was paralyzed, faint with apprehension. John held Margret's hand, and was looking at her with intense admiration.

"You may depend on me for a life-preserver, Margret, and you, Miss Sinclair. Courage!"

There was nothing to do or say, and so I remained as I was. John went to the window on the other side, and peered out. As he was crossing the floor a faint cry came to our ears, a wail which made me shudder; there was a trampling on the after-deck, the noise of heavy pieces rolling or falling, a loud outcry, and silence again.

"My God!" said John, "a man has gone over. He is dead by this time; the waves have beaten his life out."

He rushed out. Margret gave a low cry, and trembled sadly. In a moment John came back, pale and agitated; and presently we understood that Joseph, fancying that harm was come to the baggage, insisted upon looking to it, and had lurched into the sea. Any attempt to save him was useless. One faint cry, and destiny had done with him. There was loud weeping and wailing in the little band. Margret tried to go to her aunt, and fell in a faint. When she opened her eyes it was upon John's face. Even then something was revealed to her; love and pure pity shone in his eyes; his lips moved. She did not turn away, and he kissed her; his "poor girl," he called her, and poor I was forgotten! It was not the moment for words between them, but I saw that if we weathered the storm they would weather life together. And we did. The storm-spirit was appeased by the accident. The crazy old thing, as John called the boat, steered slowly into Medford Harbor before midnight, and crew and passengers slept alongside the wharf the thankful sleep that falls upon those worn by and escaped from peril.

"You never will want to make another trip in our propeller, I expect, marm," was Mr. Brown's parting remark.

"It has been a remarkable voyage," said John. "It's kinder started a nest: I am going on a longer one very soon, you may be sure. I knew my time had come, though your idee concerning that poor young man rather blocked me."

He then showed me a bit of paper, on which was written,

"*Margret Rogan, Chassford, Maine.*"

"N.B.," added John—"no cards."

THE COURT OF POPE LEO X.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A young artist, F. L. Ruben, of Vienna, has gathered in a single group the most eminent characters of the reign of Leo X. In the midst sits the Supreme Pontiff, the most magnificent, if not the most refined, of the long line of popes still ruling over an undivided church, and scarcely conscious that Germany and Europe must soon revolt from the corrupt rule of Italian superstition. Leo, the descendant of a race of merchants, son of the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, had lost the virtues but retained the liberal tastes of his prudent ancestors. He strove to surround himself with all that was splendid in art and letters, to make Rome the mental as well as the spiritual centre of the world, and hide in exterior glory that absence of faith, that degradation of morals, that have never ceased to characterize the papal city; nor has Leo been altogether unsuccessful. Posterity has consented to forget the follies and the vices, the coarse amusements and frivolous pleasures, of the pope in the memory of the generous friend of letters and the cultivator of the liberal arts. By the side of Leo the artist has placed the family of the Medici: Julius, afterward the unlucky Pope Clement VII., and the fair wives of the members of the illustrious house, Cardinal Bibiena, statesman and friend of Leo, who played no inferior part in the politics of the time, is joined with them.

On the opposite side of the picture are the representatives of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Cardinal Bembo, a famous poet of his age, but long since forgotten—an unsuccessful embassador, a tolerable scholar—stands in the foreground. But the absence of Ariosto, the true poet of the time, may well be noticed. While the courtly Bembo was covered with honors, Leo suffered his early friend to languish in poverty and neglect. Painting and sculpture are represented by the immortal forms of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and the less famous Sebastian del Piombo. Yet the grand and severe countenance of Michael Angelo was seldom seen amidst the frivolous pleasures of Leo's court. His sculptures, paintings, and poems reflect a vigorous independence of thought that seems little at home amidst the priestly despotism of Rome. The fair and graceful Raphael, less conscientious, perhaps careless of any moral law, was Leo's favorite artist, and poured forth his immortal works to gratify the ceaseless demands of his ambitious master. Sebastian del Piombo was Raphael's rival, his more vigorous but less graceful paintings were even preferred by his admirers to those of the matchless artist before whose renown Sebastian has long sunk into neglect. The rare, the licentious taste of Raphael may well represent the pagan graces of the age of Leo.

It was a happy conception of the modern artist to offer at a single glance a suggestive sketch of the most splendid period of papal Rome. Under Leo X. the Eternal City was again the teacher of Europe in the exterior graces of manners and amusements, of painting and sculpture. But there was a higher lesson that Europe now longed to learn which Leo and Rome could never teach. Neither Raphael nor Sebastian, not Michael Angelo nor Ariosto, could satisfy the ceaseless longing of men in the most splendid age of the papacy for a purer life and a higher aim. Connected with that rare taste in art or letters which had marked the republican cities of Italy, which had been borrowed by Rome, Germany and the North rang with the cry for moral reform. To be honest, sincere, a faithful parent, a useful citizen, was discovered to be a nobler aim than to wear unworthily the pope's tiara, or sit on a blood-stained throne. From the splendid corruption of the reign of Leo Europe began its slow advance in political and domestic morals; from the rule of the corrupt Medici to that of Pius IX. the career of the papal city has been one of unchanging decay. It was against Leo X. that Luther aimed his terrible blow that crushed forever the defenses of the papacy; it was the folly or the madness of the degenerate Medici that led to the chief woes of modern Europe.

From the picture of the papal power in its most flourishing period it is natural to turn to its modern aspect. Slowly the great superstition has fallen before the progress of knowledge. Under Leo X. it was the master of Europe and of mankind. Under Pius IX. it has lost the sympathy of every nation except France and the Celtic Irish. It is probable that the growth of education will deprive it of the blind support of even these devoted followers. Macaulay, in a brilliant but inaccurate picture, has foretold the lasting vigor of the Papal Church, had he lived a few years longer, he would have seen Spain, Italy, and Austria revolt forever from their Romish tyrants, would have seen the party of reaction and decay defeated in all the borders of Europe. One more great struggle probably awaits us in the New World as well as the Old; but the people will scarcely again be deluded by the foes of education and of progress.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The unfinished Washington Monument is one of the first objects which attract the eye of a stranger visiting the capital of the United States. But you make inquiries about it—when it was begun, how high it is, how long since any work was done upon it—and nobody seems to know any thing about it. It is said that Washington people feel ashamed of the condition of the monument, and do not like to talk about it. It was first suggested in 1833 that a national monument should be erected in honor of George Washington. In previous years Congress had passed various resolutions that a "monument," an "equestrian statue," and a "mausoleum" should be erected to the "Father of his Country," but nothing had been accomplished. It was proposed that contributions should be limited to one dollar a year, that all might give to the object; but this restriction was removed in 1845. When the fund amounted to $87,000 it was deemed safe to commence the work; and on July 4, 1848, the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The site selected was a public reservation of land directly west of the Capitol. The plan of the monument proposed an obelisk five hundred and seventeen feet high, and a pantheon or base. The estimated cost of the obelisk was $552,000, and of the whole work, $1,222,000. In about six years from the laying of the corner-stone the obelisk was raised to the height of 170 feet, and the funds were exhausted, $230,000 dollars having been expended. Efforts were made to obtain appropriations from Congress and contributions from the people, but before operations were again commenced the civil war broke out, and nothing has since been done except to preserve the monument in good condition. Within a couple of years appeals have again been made to the nation for funds to complete this work, but as yet the monument still stands, unfinished, as it did years ago. Over eighty blocks of marble or stone have been contributed by the States and Territories, by foreign governments, and by various institutions and societies. These are inscribed with some suitable device or inscription, and will be included in the pantheon.

The "Shelter House," a new addition to the public buildings of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, has been recently opened to the public. It is located on the main drive, opposite the bronze bust of Irving. It is, as its name implies, a place of shelter in time of need; but is especially designed for those who, taking carriages to the Park without drivers, desire to leave their vehicles for a walk, a sail, or for a game of croquet. Every arrangement is made for the accommodation of such persons—boys to hold the horses, cloak-rooms, dressing-rooms, and refreshments.

A geologist, Professor Gunning, estimates that Niagara Falls are only about 200,000 years old! And he does not call that old, geologically speaking. He has recently examined the condition of the great Horseshoe, and finds that there has been a perceptible change within the past ten years. In fact, the falls are receding, though very slowly, probably at a rate of not more than six inches a year.

Sorrow and misfortune have caused the ex-Empress Carlotta to look like an old woman. Her hair is perfectly white. Her form still retains its youthful appearance, and her eyes are beautiful and expressive.

An English paper, in giving a description of an evening reception by Madame Thiers, says:

"Madame Thiers was, as is her wont, dressed in black, becomingly, richly, but very plainly. No diamonds, no pearls, no flowers, no flounces—in a word, no frippery whatever. To-night there was a perfect 'innocence' of hair-dye, paint, rice-powder, and other artifices of the toilet which take in nobody except the persons having recourse to them. Madame Thiers looks to advantage in evening dress. She was assisted in doing the honors to about fifty ladies by Mademoiselle Dosne, who had presided at the decoration of the rooms and the laying out of the refreshments. The tea-table was an exquisite 'still-life' picture. It was dainty and delicate as an eighteenth century fan. The ferns, Virginia creeper, and Nice flowers mingled their freshness and fragrance with baskets of delicate strawberries. I did not see any wine on the buffet, but there was a profusion of ices, sherbets, punches, and sirups."

In Switzerland all voting is done on Sunday. It surely ought to be well and conscientiously done on that day.

It would seem that in heavy storms at sea iron ships are inferior to those built of wood. Of forty-two Atlantic steamers lost at sea between the years 1841 and 1872, thirty-eight were of iron, and four of wood. Of the line of iron ships running into the St. Lawrence and Portland, nine were lost between 1857 and 1864; and five iron sailing vessels, all built in Great Britain, and sent to sea in 1865 and 1868, have never been heard from.

They have a novel style of gymnastics in a certain woolen mill in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Some weeks ago a young man made a descent through the elevator opening from the third story to the basement, landing safely on his feet. He went about his work as usual. The other day a younger lad performed the same feat, falling into a basket of filling. He was a "little stiff" next morning.

The Emperor of China proposes, on the occasion of his coming marriage, to open all the prison doors throughout his empire, and let nearly all the captives go free. This may make the captives glad; but, unless they have been unjustly imprisoned, it will be likely to make many more sorry.

Japan has recently abolished all the edicts against Christianity, which have been in force three centuries.

No insanity is more violent or unreasonable than that which sometimes overpowers people in a sudden panic. A singular instance of the effect of yielding to the excitement of sudden fright recently occurred in the Roman Catholic cathedral at Dublin. During a crowded service some globes of the gas brackets were knocked off. The crash of the falling glass led the people to believe that the windows were being broken, and a cry was raised that the cathedral was attacked from outside. An alarm of "Fire!" was also raised, and a serious panic ensued. The clergymen present managed to allay the excitement to a certain extent, but not before large numbers had rushed from the cathedral, tumbling over each other, and had scaled the wall of a neighboring garden in which the owner happened to be walking. One would suppose that the panic-stricken crowd might here have paused; but with insane violence they rushed upon the unfortunate gentleman, who was taking exercise in his own grounds, shouting, "Hang him!" "Drown him!" And but for the interference of the priests who had followed them, they probably would have carried their threats into execution.

Rumor says that the principal object of the recent visit of the Empress of Germany to Queen Victoria was to arrange a marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh (Prince Alfred) and Princess Marie, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. The princess is only seventeen—the duke ten years older.

Measures have been suggested by which, on the completion of the Underground Railroad, the mail cars of various lines can be transported by a continuous rail immediately into the basement of the new city post-office. This arrangement, if carried out, will enable the mails from New England, and all mails that are conveyed over the Hudson River and New York Central railroads, to be delivered at the post-office without delay, and merchants may obtain their letters an hour earlier than at present.

The following curious incident in the life of the present Emperor of Russia is related in a recently published biography: One day the late Emperor Nicholas, hearing a great noise in the room in the Winter Palace where his children were playing, went in to see what was the matter. He found Constantine holding down his brother Alexander by both knees, and pulling with all his strength at the knot of a cravat which he had tied around Alexander's throat. Alexander, who was nearly throttled, was begging for mercy, and his father came just in time to save him. On being asked the meaning of this strange scene, Constantine explained to his father that they were re-enacting a well-known event in Russian history—the assassination of the Emperor Paul I. Constantine was put under arrest for having attempted to strangle the czarowitz, and Alexander was sent to prison because he cried for mercy.

Considerable excitement has been aroused by a novel suit which has been argued before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. It is alleged that certain monuments in the Worcester Rural Cemetery have been discolored in consequence of the manufacture of copperas, or sulphate of iron, in "works" not far distant. Since an intervening grove of trees was cut down, about three years ago, the marbles on the side facing the chemical works have been steadily turning brown. Experiments prove that similar discolorations are quickly caused by the deposition of iron rust from the sulphate of iron while being boiled down to a crystallizing point.

"Idlewild," formerly the home of N. P. Willis, in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, has been sold for about fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Willis took a poetical delight in landscape gardening, and made many charming improvements on a spot full of natural beauty. The cascade in the "Glen" is one of the most picturesque features of the place.

Amherst College is to have the largest ruby in the world in its cabinet, and a huge one it is if the dimensions reported are correct, namely, two feet high, one foot in diameter, and weighing three hundred and sixteen pounds! It is not a pure ruby, but is mixed with sapphire, and was found in the mountains of North Carolina. Professor Shepard heard that it was on its way to Europe, and succeeded in securing it.

An eccentric Quaker woman of Philadelphia died some twenty years ago, leaving a large fortune to two baby nephews, who were motherless. The will was given to a Friend, who was enjoined to keep the bequest a profound secret until the boys should be of age—the idea being to give them a chance to grow up self-reliant. The boys went to the far West with their father, and nobody kept track of their wanderings. The old Quaker to whom the trust was committed died, leaving among his effects several trunks full of waste paper. These papers chanced to fall into the hands of a certain lawyer who possessed patience, and that rarer quality, integrity. He discovered the will among the rubbish, and then took measures to find the young men. They were at length discovered, hard at work, in Louisville, Kentucky. Here is a romance for novel-writers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In a little village in Virginia there lived a family named Ransom. They were not pious people, and they never went to church. Once, however, during a revival, the family were prevailed upon to attend preaching. When they made their reluctant and tardy appearance the services had begun, and they had scarcely taken their seats when the preacher gave out the first hymn, reading it somewhat thus, "Return, ye ransom' sinners, home." "All right!" cried the head of the Ransoms, getting up in a rage, and clapping his hat on his head. "Come along, old woman and gals, we'll go home fast enough, and every body in the old church knows we didn't want to come."

What key is the hardest to tune?—Donkey.

"Wife," said a man, looking for his boot-jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes, I ought to know where you keep your late hours—but I don't."

Would you expect to find a sweet-eyed girl among the daughters of Mis-sour-i?

"I came for the saw, Sir." "What saucer?" "Why, the saw, Sir, that you borrowed." "I borrowed no saucer." "Sure you did, Sir; you borrowed a saw, Sir." "I never saw your saucer." "But you did; there's the saw now, Sir." "Oh, you want the saw: why didn't you say so?"

Herr De Gurdy is the last-arrived foreign instrumental performer in our streets.

"Mother," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg-shells?" "Certainly not, my dear," replied the mother; "but what do you ask such silly questions for?" "Because I have just dropped the basket with all the eggs in it," replied he.

The authorities of a Russian town endeavored to suppress a riotous assemblage by calling out the fire department and "playing" upon it. This only made the rioters more "put out" than ever.

When persons are seasick, what do they most desire?—To feel sea-cure, of course.

In New Hampshire they call elopement suicide. That is not so bad: he sued and she sighed.

A musical genius of this city is so full of quavers that he always makes a "stop" when he comes to a "bar."

An inveterate old beggar, who frequented a certain entry, was tolled into one of the offices by the inmates out of curiosity to know what was his particular plea for charity on that day, since he always had a new one. He said, "Well, gentlemen, I guess I've kind o' lost my energy powers." A very common complaint in spring weather.

Bayonets are driven, but bullets are lead.

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

An Irishman went into a Chicago store, and says he, "Did you put in the paper you wanted a man, Sur?" "Yes," said the store-keeper; "and I distinctly stated all applications must be made by mail." "An' faith an' it's meself that's a male, sure," said Pat; and he was hired.

The fact that there is in Virginia a religious sect called the "Soul Sleepers" is snoose to most people.

An epitaph on a North Carolina mule runs as follows:

"Here lies a mule, blind as a bat;
The more corn you'd give him the less he'd grow fat;
He belonged to the bummers of old Bill Sherman,
And mules like this, we all say, durn 'em."

It is a sure sign of an early spring to see a cat intently watching a small hole in the wall.

The Count de Grasse was once wounded in the knee with a musket-ball. The doctors cut and hacked and made many incisions, when, getting out of all patience, the count asked why they cut him up so much. "We are seeking," said the surgeon, "for the ball." "Why didn't you mention that before? I have the ball in my pocket."

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' good care o' yoursel' when ye are awa', for, mind ye, they eat puppies in China."

Smith and Jones at a menagerie. Conversation on Darwinism. "Look at that monkey," said Smith; "think of its being an undeveloped human!" "Human!" said Jones, contemptuously; "it's no more human than I am."

A boy named his dog "Paste." "Why do you give him such a name?" he was asked. "Because I want him to stick to me," was the reply.

THE COURT OF POPE LEO X.—From the Painting by F. L. Ruben.—[See Page 491.]

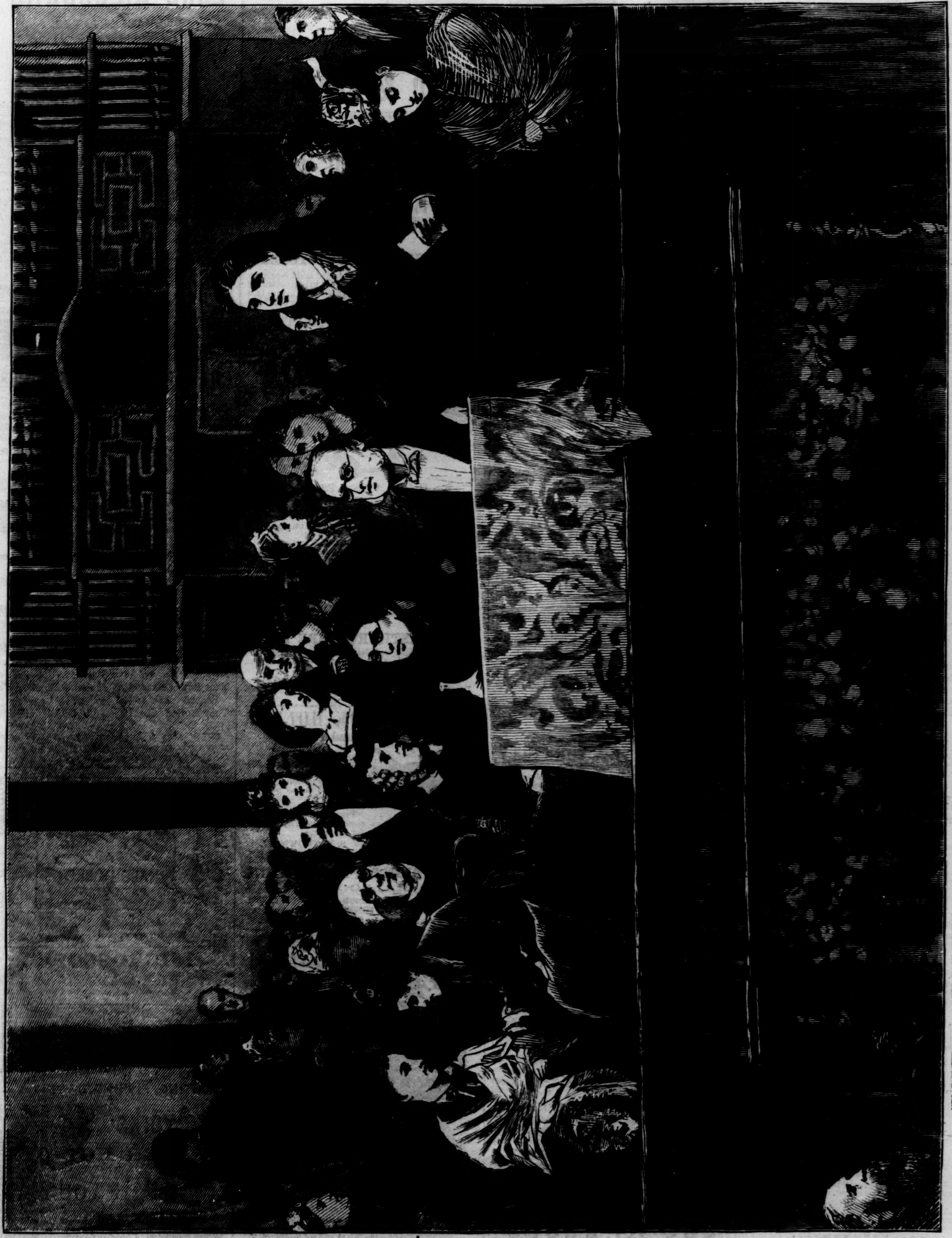
WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN ENGLAND.

Our readers may remember that the "Woman's Disabilities Act," as it was termed, was recently thrown out in the British House of Commons, although a hundred and sixty members either voted or paired in favor of a second reading. Subsequently a crowded meeting, of which we give an illustration on this page, was held in London in support of the movement, which aims at obtaining the same franchise for Parliamentary elections that women householders now possess in England for municipal purposes. As in this country, the demand meets with determined opposition in some quarters and with favor in others. The opposition in Parliament is satirically laid to the jealousy of the members, who are accused of being under the apprehension that this concession will be followed by a demand for general female suffrage, that female voters will insist on having female representatives, and that, in fact, the male M.P. would be reduced to nothingness. Some opponents of the feminine politicians assert that under their influence the wildest revolutionary theories would be carried into practice, while others declare that the kingdom would presently be re-enchained with all the old tyrannies, secular and spiritual, of which it has been gradually ridding itself during the last three hundred years.

One of our English contemporaries scouts this idea, and ventures the assertion that matters would "practically go on pretty much the same as they do now, even if every woman had a vote; but that certain decided improvements would take place. Elections would not be such rowdy affairs as they often are now, and questions of social interest, as opposed to mere political interest, would be more often discussed."

The gallant editor adds: "We doubt if a Parliament of ladies would ever waste great part of a session squabbling over a ballot bill, for which no person endowed with sense and courage cares a straw; and we don't think a commission of ladies would have allowed themselves to be jockeyed by the Yankees in the matter of the *Alabama* claims as the two Houses of Parliament suffered themselves to be." But what if we had a Congress of ladies to match our English cousins?

We need not here give an account of the meeting. With the exception of the chairman, Dr. Lyon Playfair, all the speakers were ladies. Miss Becker, Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Rhoda Garrett, and Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose were among the orators of the occasion; and the reporter of the London *Daily Telegraph* says they displayed so much tact and talent that he does not wonder the M.P.'s are chary of meeting them in debate.



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WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN ENGLAND—MEETING IN SUPPORT OF "THE WOMEN'S DISABILITIES ACT."

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

Sometimes lightning produces complete and instantaneous paralysis. The suppression of movement in the victim in these circumstances is so rapid that those who have witnessed it might have thought they suffered from some illusion. Who would not think he was dreaming if he saw

an unfortunate creature, full of life and activity, petrified and motionless as a rock in less time than it required to witness the phenomenon? Jerome Carden relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak-tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers, to all appearance, continuing their repast; one still held his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, a third had his hand in the dish. Death had come upon them suddenly while in these positions when the thunder-bolt fell. Azrael had seized upon them with so much violence that he had impressed upon the entire surface of their bodies the mournful tint of his black wings. One might have taken them for statues sculptured out of black marble. The catastrophe was so rapid that the faces of the victims had not had time to take any expression of pain; life was suppressed so instantaneously that the muscles remained unmoved. The eyes and the mouths were open as in life; and had not the color of the skin been so much changed the illusion would have been complete. It has been remarked also that the features of persons struck by lightning, instead of being contracted, usually assume a calm, happy expression; and the conclusion has been drawn that they enter without shock or pain into the presence of the Infinite Being. It has even been assumed that death by lightning is the prelude of glory and happiness.

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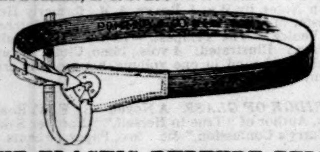

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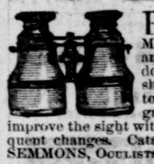

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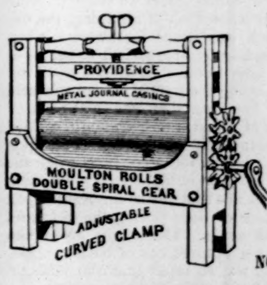

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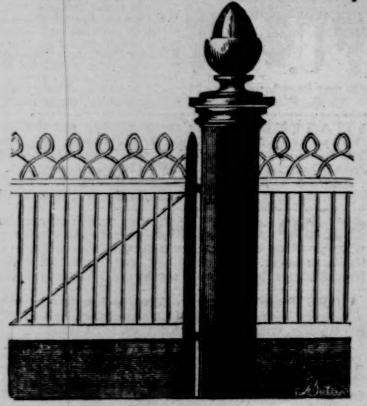

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BOSTON AND ITS ENVIRONS.—DRAWN AND ENGRAVED FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY, FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 500.]

(Continued from No. 806, page 447.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK III.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation."
—*2 Henry VI.*

THAT night after twelve o'clock Mary Garth relieved the watch in Mr. Featherstone's room, and sat there alone through the small hours. She often chose this task, in which she found some pleasure, notwithstanding the old man's testiness whenever he demanded her attentions. There were intervals in which she could sit perfectly still, enjoying the outer stillness and the subdued light. The red fire with its gently audible movement seemed like a solemn existence calmly independent of the petty passions, the imbecile desires, the straining after worthless uncertainties, which were daily moving her contempt. Mary was fond of her own thoughts, and could amuse herself well sitting in twilight with her hands in her lap; for, having early had strong reasons to believe that things were not likely to be arranged for her peculiar satisfaction, she wasted no time in astonishment and annoyance at that fact. And she had already come to take life very much as a comedy in which she had a proud, nay, a generous resolution not to act the mean or treacherous part. Mary might have become cynical if she had not had parents whom she honored, and a well of affectionate gratitude within her, which was all the fuller because she had learned to make no unreasonable claims.

She sat to-night revolving, as she was wont, the scenes of the day, her lips often curling with amusement at the oddities to which her fancy added fresh drollery: people were so ridiculous with their illusions, carrying their fool's caps unawares, thinking their own lies opaque while every body else's were transparent, making themselves exceptions to every thing, as if when all the world looked yellow under a lamp they alone were rosy. Yet there were some illusions under Mary's eyes which were not quite comic to her. She was secretly convinced, though she had no other grounds than her close observation of old Featherstone's nature, that in spite of his fondness for having the Vincys about him, they were as likely to be disappointed as any of the relations whom he kept at a distance. She had a good deal of disdain for Mrs. Vincy's evident alarm lest she and Fred should be alone together, but it did not hinder her from thinking anxiously of the way in which Fred would be affected if it should turn out that his uncle had left him as poor as ever. She could make a butt of Fred when he was present, but she did not enjoy his follies when he was absent.

Yet she liked her thoughts: a vigorous young mind, not overbalanced by passion, finds a good in making acquaintance with life, and watches its own powers with interest. Mary had plenty of merriment within.

Her thought was not veined by any solemnity or pathos about the old man on the bed: such sentiments are easier to affect than to feel about an aged creature whose life is not visibly any thing but a remnant of vices. She had always seen the most disagreeable side of Mr. Featherstone: he was not proud of her, and she was only useful to him. To be anxious about a soul that is always snapping at you must be left to the saints of the earth; and Mary was not one of them. She had never returned him a harsh word, and had waited on him faithfully; that was her utmost. Old Featherstone himself was not in the least anxious about his soul, and had declined to see Mr. Tucker on the subject.

To-night he had not once snapped, and for the first hour or two he lay remarkably still, until at last Mary heard him rattling his bunch of keys against the tin box which he always kept in the bed beside him. About three o'clock he said, with remarkable distinctness, "Missy, come here!"

Mary obeyed, and found that he had already drawn the tin box from under the clothes, though he usually asked to have this done for him; and he had selected the key. He now unlocked the box, and, drawing from it another key, looked straight at her with eyes that seemed to have recovered all their sharpness, and said, "How many of 'em are in the house?"

"You mean of your own relations, Sir?" said Mary, well used to the old man's way of speech. He nodded slightly, and she went on:

"Mr. Jonah Featherstone and young Cranch are sleeping here."

"Oh ay, they stick, do they? and the rest—they come every day, I'll warrant—Solomon and Jane, and all the young uns? They come peeping and counting and casting up?"

"Not all of them every day. Mr. Solomon and Mrs. Waule are here every day, and the others come often."

The old man listened with a grimace while she spoke, and then said, relaxing his face, "The more fools they. You hearken, Missy. It's three o'clock in the morning, and I've got all my faculties as well as ever I had in my life. I know all my property, and where the money's put out, and every thing. And I've made every thing ready to change my mind, and do as I like at the last. Do you hear, Missy? I've got my faculties."

"Well, Sir?" said Mary, quietly.

He now lowered his tone with an air of deeper cunning. "I've made two wills, and I'm going to burn one. Now you do as I tell you. This is the key of my iron chest, in the closet there. You push well at the side of the brass plate at the top, till it goes like a bolt: then you can put the key in the front lock and turn it. See and do that; and take out the topmost paper—Last Will and Testament—big printed."

"No, Sir," said Mary, in a firm voice, "I can not do that."

"Not do it? I tell you, you must," said the old man, his voice beginning to shake under the shock of this resistance.

"I can not touch your iron chest or your will. I must refuse to do any thing that might lay me open to suspicion."

"I tell you, I'm in my right mind. Sha'n't I do as I like at the last? I made two wills on purpose. Take the key, I say."

"No, Sir, I will not," said Mary, more resolutely still. Her repulsion was getting stronger.

"I tell you there's no time to lose."

"I can not help that, Sir. I will not let the close of your life soil the beginning of mine. I will not touch your iron chest or your will." She moved to a little distance from the bedside.

The old man paused with a blank stare for a little while, holding the one key erect on the ring; then with an agitated jerk he began to work with his bony left hand at emptying the tin box before him.

"Missy," he began to say, hurriedly, "look here! take the money—the notes and gold—look here—take it—you shall have it all—do as I tell you."

He made an effort to stretch out the key toward her as far as possible, and Mary again retreated.

"I will not touch your key or your money, Sir. Pray don't ask me to do it again. If you do, I must go and call your brother."

He let his hand fall, and for the first time in her life Mary saw old Peter Featherstone begin to cry childishly. She said, in as gentle a tone as she could command, "Pray put up your money, Sir;" and then went away to her seat by the fire, hoping this would help to convince him that it was useless to say more. Presently he rallied, and said, eagerly:

"Look here, then. Call the young chap. Call Fred Vincy."

Mary's heart began to beat more quickly. Various ideas rushed through her mind as to what the burning of a second will might imply. She had to make a difficult decision in a hurry.

"I will call him if you will let me call Mr. Jonah and others with him."

"Nobody else, I say. The young chap. I shall do as I like."

"Wait till broad daylight, Sir, when every one is stirring. Or let me call Simmons now, to go and fetch the lawyer. He can be here in less than two hours."

"Lawyer? What do I want with the lawyer? Nobody shall know—I say, nobody shall know. I shall do as I like."

"Let me call some one else, Sir," said Mary, persuasively. She did not like her position—alone with the old man, who seemed to show a strange flaring of nervous energy which enabled him to speak again and again without falling into his usual cough; yet she desired not to push unnecessarily the contradiction which agitated him. "Let me, pray, call some one else."

"You let me alone, I say. Look here, Missy. Take the money. You'll never have the chance again. It's pretty nigh two hundred—there's more in the box, and nobody knows how much there was. Take it and do as I tell you."

Mary, standing by the fire, saw its red light falling on the old man, propped up on his pillows and bed-rest, with his bony hand holding out the key, and the money lying on the quilt before him. She never forgot that vision of a man wanting to do as he liked at the last. But the way in which he had put the offer of the money urged her to speak with harder resolution than ever.

"It is of no use, Sir. I will not do it. Put up your money. I will not touch your money. I will do any thing else I can to comfort you; but I will not touch your keys or your money."

"Any thing else—any thing else!" said old Featherstone, with hoarse rage, which, as if in a nightmare, tried to be loud, and yet was only just audible. "I want nothing else. You come here, you come here."

Mary approached him cautiously, knowing him too well. She saw him dropping his keys and trying to grasp his stick, while he looked at her like an aged hyena, the muscles of his face getting distorted with the effort of his hand. She paused at a safe distance.

"Let me give you some cordial," she said, quietly, "and try to compose yourself. You will perhaps go to sleep. And to-morrow by daylight you can do as you like."

He lifted the stick, in spite of her being beyond his reach, and threw it with a hard effort which was but impotence. It fell, slipping over the foot of the bed. Mary let it lie, and retreated to her chair by the fire. By-and-by, she would go to him with the cordial. Fatigue would make him passive. It was getting toward the chillest moment of the morning, the fire had got low, and she could see through the chink between the moreen window-curtains the light whitened by the blind. Having put some wood on the fire and thrown a shawl over her, she sat down, hoping that Mr. Featherstone might now fall asleep. If she went near him the irritation might be kept up. He had said nothing after throwing the stick, but she had seen him taking his keys again, and laying his left hand on the money. He did not put it up, however, and she thought that he was dropping off to sleep.

But Mary herself began to be more agitated by the remembrance of what she had gone through than she had been by the reality—questioning those acts of hers, which had come imperatively and excluded all question in the critical moment.

Presently the dry wood sent out a flame which illuminated every crevice, and Mary saw that the old man was lying quietly with his head turned a little on one side. She went toward him with inaudible steps, and thought that his face looked strangely motionless; but the next moment the movement of the flame, communicating itself to all objects, made her uncertain. The violent beating of her heart rendered her perceptions so doubtful that even when she touched him and listened for his breathing, she could not trust her conclusions. She went to the window and gently propped aside the curtain and blind, so that the still light of the sky fell on the bed.

The next moment she ran to the bell and rang it energetically. In a very little while there was no longer any doubt that Peter Featherstone was dead, with his right hand clasping the keys, and his left hand lying on the heap of notes and gold.

BOOK IV.

THREE LOVE PROBLEMS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"*1st Gent.* Such men as this are feathers, chips, and straws,
Carry no weight, no force.
2d Gent. But levity
Is causal too, and makes the sum of weight,
For power finds its place in lack of power;
Advance is cession, and the driven ship
May run aground because the helmsman's thought
Lacked force to balance opposites."

IT was on a morning of May that Peter Featherstone was buried. In the prosaic neighborhood of Middlemarch, May was not always warm and sunny, and on this particular morning a chill wind was blowing the blossoms from the surrounding gardens on to the green mounds of Lowick church-yard. Swiftly moving clouds only now and then allowed a gleam to light up any object, whether ugly or beautiful, that happened to stand within its golden shower. In the church-yard the objects were remarkably various, for there was a little country crowd waiting to see the funeral. The news had spread that it was to be a "big burying;" the old gentleman had left written directions about every thing, and meant to have a funeral "beyond his betters." This was true; for old Featherstone had not been a Harpagon whose passions had all been devoured by the ever-lean and ever-hungry passion of saving, and who would drive a bargain with his undertaker beforehand. He loved money, but he also loved to spend it in gratifying his peculiar tastes, and perhaps he loved it best of all as a means of making others feel his power more or less uncomfortably. If any one will here contend that there must have been traits of goodness in old Featherstone, I will not presume to deny this; but I must observe that goodness is of a modest nature, easily discouraged, and when much elbowed in early life by unabashed vices, is apt to retire into extreme privacy, so that it is more easily believed in by those who construct a selfish old gentleman theoretically than by those who form the narrower judgments based on his personal acquaintance. In any case, he had been bent on having a handsome funeral, and on having persons "bid" to it who would rather have staid at home. He had even desired that female relatives should follow him to the grave, and poor sister Martha had taken a difficult journey for this purpose from the Chalky Flats. She and Jane would have been altogether cheered (in a tearful manner) by this sign that a brother who disliked seeing them while he was living had been prospectively fond of their presence when he should have become a testator, if the sign had not been made equivocal by being extended to Mrs. Vincy, whose expense in handsome crape seemed to imply the most presumptuous hopes, aggravated by a bloom of complexion which told pretty plainly that she was not a blood-relation, but of that generally objectionable class called wife's kin.

We are all of us imaginative in some form or other, for images are the brood of desire; and poor old Featherstone, who laughed much at the way in which others cajoled themselves, did not escape the fellowship of illusion. In writing the programme for his burial he certainly did not make clear to himself that his pleasure in the little drama of which it formed a part was confined to anticipation. In chuckling over the vexations he could inflict by the rigid clutch of his dead hand, he inevitably mingled his consciousness with that livid stagnant presence, and so far as he was preoccupied with a future life, it was with one of gratification inside his coffin. Thus old Featherstone was imaginative, after his fashion.

However, the three mourning-coaches were filled according to the written orders of the deceased. There were pall-bearers on horseback, with the richest scarfs and hat-bands, and even the under-bearers had trappings of woe which were of a good well-priced quality. The black procession, when dismounted, looked the larger for the smallness of the church-yard; the heavy human faces and the black draperies shivering in the wind seemed to tell of a world strangely incongruous with the lightly dropping blossoms and the gleams of sunshine on the daisies. The clergyman who met the procession was Mr. Cadwallader—also according to the request of Peter Featherstone, prompted, as usual, by peculiar reasons. Having a contempt for curates, whom he always called understrappers, he was resolved to be buried by a beneficed clergyman. Mr. Casaubon was out of the question, not merely because he declined duty of this sort, but because Featherstone had an especial dislike to him as the rector of his own parish, who had a lien on the land in the shape of tithe, also as the deliverer of morning sermons, which the old man, being in his pew and not at all sleepy, had been obliged to sit through with an inward snarl. He had an objection to a parson stuck up above his head preaching to him. But his relations with Mr. Cadwallader had been of a different kind: the trout stream which ran through Mr. Casaubon's land took its course through Featherstone's also, so that Mr. Cadwallader was a parson who had had to ask a favor instead of preaching. Moreover, he was one of the high gentry living four miles away from Lowick, and was thus exalted to an equal sky with the sheriff of the county and other dignities vaguely regarded as necessary to the system of things. There would be a satisfaction in being buried by Mr. Cadwallader, whose very name offered a fine opportunity for pronouncing wrongly if you liked.

This distinction conferred on the rector of Tipton and Freshitt was the reason why Mrs. Cadwallader made one of the group that watched old Featherstone's funeral from an upper window of the manor. She was not fond of visiting that house, but she liked, as she said, to see collections of strange animals such as there would be at this funeral; and she had persuaded Sir James and the young Lady Chettam to drive the rector and herself to Lowick in order that the visit might be altogether pleasant.

"I will go any where with you, Mrs. Cadwallader," Celia had said; "but I don't like funerals."

"Oh, my dear, when you have a clergyman in your family you must accommodate your tastes: I did that very early. When I married Humphrey I made up my mind to like sermons, and I set out by liking the end very much. That soon spread to the middle and the beginning, because I couldn't have the end without them."

"No, to be sure not," said the Dowager Lady Chettam, with stately emphasis.

The upper window from which the funeral could be well seen was in the room occupied by Mr. Casaubon when he had been forbidden to work; but he had resumed nearly his habitual style of life now in spite of warnings and prescriptions, and after politely welcoming Mrs. Cadwallader had slipped again into the library to chew a cud of erudite mistake about Cush and Mizraim.

But for her visitors Dorothea too might have been shut up in the library, and would not have witnessed this scene of old Featherstone's funeral, which, aloof as it seemed to be from the tenor of her life, always afterward came back to her at the touch of certain sensitive points in memory, just as the vision of St. Peter's at Rome was inwoven with moods of despondency. Scenes which make vital changes in our neighbors' lot are but the background of our own, yet, like a particular aspect of the fields and trees, they become associated for us with the epochs of our own history, and make a part of that unity which lies in the selection of our keenest consciousness.

The dream-like association of something alien and ill-understood with the deepest secrets of her experience seemed to mirror that sense of loneliness which was due to the very ardor of Dorothea's nature. The country gentry of old time lived in a rarefied social air: dotted apart on their stations up the mountain, they looked down with imperfect discrimination on the belts of thicker life below. And Dorothea was not at ease in the perspective and chilliness of that height.

"I shall not look any more," said Celia, after the train had entered the church, placing herself a little behind her husband's elbow, so that she could slyly touch his coat with her cheek. "I dare say Dodo likes it: she is fond of melancholy things and ugly people."

"I am fond of knowing something about the people I live among," said Dorothea, who had been watching every thing with the interest of a monk on his holiday tour. "It seems to me we know nothing of our neighbors, unless they are cottagers. One is constantly wondering what sort of lives other people lead, and how they take things. I am quite obliged to Mrs. Cadwallader for coming and calling me out of the library."

"Quite right to feel obliged to me," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "Your rich Lowick farmers are as curious as any buffaloes or bisons, and I dare say you don't half see them at church. They are quite different from your uncle's tenants or Sir James's—monsters—farmers without landlords—one can't tell how to class them."

"Most of these followers are not Lowick people," said Sir James; "I suppose they are legatees from a distance, or from Middlemarch. Lovegood tells me the old fellow has left a good deal of money as well as land."

"Think of that, now! when so many younger sons can't dine at their own expense," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "Ah," turning round at the sound of the opening door, "here is Mr. Brooke. I felt that we were incomplete before, and here is the explanation. You are come to see this odd funeral, of course?"

"No; I came to look after Casaubon—to see how he goes on, you know. And to bring a little news—a little news, my dear," said Mr. Brooke, nodding at Dorothea as she came toward him. "I looked into the library, and I saw Casaubon over his books. I told him it wouldn't do. I said, 'This will never do, you know: think of your wife, Casaubon.' And he promised me to come up. I didn't tell him my news: I said he must come up."

"Ah, now they are coming out of church," Mrs. Cadwallader exclaimed. "Dear me, what a wonderfully mixed set! Mr. Lydgate as doctor, I suppose. But that is really a good-looking woman, and the fair young man must be

her son. Who are they, Sir James, do you know?"

"I see Vincy, the mayor of Middlemarch; they are probably his wife and son," said Sir James, looking interrogatively at Mr. Brooke, who nodded and said:

"Yes, a very decent family—a very good fellow is Vincy, a credit to the manufacturing interest. You have seen him at my house, you know."

"Ah, yes: one of your secret committee," said Mrs. Cadwallader, provokingly.

"A coursing fellow, though," said Sir James, with a fox-hunter's disgust.

"And one of those who suck the life out of the wretched hand-loom weavers in Tipton and Freshitt. That is how his family look so fair and sleek," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "Those dark, purple-faced people are an excellent foil. Dear me, they are like a set of jugs! Do look at Humphrey: one might fancy him an ugly archangel towering above them in his white surplice."

"It's a solemn thing, though, a funeral," said Mr. Brooke, "if you take it in that light, you know."

"But I am not taking it in that light. I can't wear my solemnity too often, else it will go to rags. It was time the old man died, and none of these people are sorry."

"How piteous!" said Dorothea. "This funeral seems to me the most dismal thing I ever saw. It is a blot on the morning. I can not bear to think that any one should die and leave no love behind."

She was going to say more, but she saw her husband enter and seat himself a little in the background. The difference his presence made to her was not always a happy one: she felt that he often inwardly objected to her speech.

"Positively," exclaimed Mrs. Cadwallader, "there is a new face come out from behind that broad man, queerer than any of them: a little round head with bulging eyes—a sort of frog-face. Do look. He must be of another blood, I think."

"Let me see!" said Celia, with awakened curiosity, standing behind Mrs. Cadwallader, and leaning forward over her head. "Oh, what an odd face!" Then, with a quick change to another sort of surprised expression, she added, "Why, Dodo, you never told me that Mr. Ladislaw was come again!"

Dorothea felt a shock of alarm: every one noticed her sudden paleness as she looked up immediately at her uncle, while Mr. Casaubon looked at her.

"He came with me, you know; he is my guest—puts up with me at the Grange," said Mr. Brooke, in his easiest tone, nodding at Dorothea, as if the announcement was just what she might have expected. "And we have brought the picture at the top of the carriage. I knew you would be pleased with the surprise, Casaubon. There you are to the very life—as Aquinas, you know. Quite the right sort of thing. And you will hear young Ladislaw talk about it. He talks uncommonly well—points out this, that, and the other—knows art and every thing of that kind—companionable, you know—is up with you in any track—what I've been wanting a long while."

Mr. Casaubon bowed with cold politeness, mastering his irritation, but only so far as to be silent. He remembered Will's letter quite as well as Dorothea did; he had noticed that it was not among the letters which had been reserved for him on his recovery, and secretly concluding that Dorothea had sent word to Will not to come to Lowick, he had shrunk with proud sensitiveness from ever recurring to the subject. He now inferred that she had asked her uncle to invite Will to the Grange; and she felt it impossible at that moment to enter into any explanation.

Mrs. Cadwallader's eyes, diverted from the church-yard, saw a good deal of dumb show which was not so intelligible to her as she could have desired, and could not repress the question, "Who is Mr. Ladislaw?"

"A young relative of Mr. Casaubon's," said Sir James, promptly. His good nature often made him quick and clear-seeing in personal matters, and he had divined from Dorothea's glance at her husband that there was some alarm in her mind.

"A very nice young fellow—Casaubon has done every thing for him," explained Mr. Brooke. "He repays your expense in him, Casaubon," he went on, nodding encouragingly. "I hope he will stay with me a long time, and we will make something of my documents. I have plenty of ideas and facts, you know, and I can see he is just the man to put them into shape—remember what the right quotations are, *omne tulit punctum*, and that sort of thing—gives subjects a kind of turn. I invited him some time ago when you were ill, Casaubon: Dorothea said you couldn't have any body in the house, you know, and she asked me to write."

Poor Dorothea felt that every word of her uncle's was about as pleasant as a grain of sand in the eye to Mr. Casaubon. It would be altogether unfitting now to explain that she had not wished her uncle to invite Will Ladislaw. She could not in the least make clear to herself the reasons for her husband's dislike to his presence—a dislike painfully impressed upon her by the scene in the library; but she felt the unbecomingness of saying any thing that might convey a notion of it to others. Mr. Casaubon, indeed, had not thoroughly represented those mixed reasons to himself, irritated feeling with him, as with all of us, seeking rather for justification than for self-knowledge. But he wished to repress outward signs, and only Dorothea could discern the changes in her husband's face before he observed, with more of dignified bending and sing-song than usual,

"You are exceedingly hospitable, my dear Sir; and I owe you acknowledgments for exercising your hospitality toward a relative of mine."

The funeral was ended now, and the churchyard was being cleared.

"Now you can see him, Mrs. Cadwallader," said Celia. "He is just like a miniature of Mr. Casaubon's aunt that hangs in Dorothea's boudoir—quite nice-looking."

"A very pretty sprig," said Mrs. Cadwallader, dryly. "What is your nephew to be, Mr. Casaubon?"

"Pardon me, he is not my nephew. He is my cousin."

"Well, you know," interposed Mr. Brooke, "he is trying his wings. He is just the sort of young fellow to rise. I should be glad to give him an opportunity. He would make a good secretary, now, like Hobbes, Milton, Swift—that sort of man."

"I understand," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "One who can write speeches."

"I'll fetch him in now, eh, Casaubon?" said Mr. Brooke. "He wouldn't come in till I had announced him, you know. And we'll go down and look at the picture. There you are to the life: a deep subtile sort of thinker with his forefinger on the page, while Saint Bonaventure or somebody else, rather fat and florid, is looking up at the Trinity. Every thing is symbolical, you know—the higher style of art: I like that up to a certain point, but not too far—it's rather straining to keep up with, you know. But you are at home in that, Casaubon. And your painter's flesh is good—solidity, transparency, every thing of that sort. I went into that a great deal at one time. However, I'll go and fetch Ladislaw."

KARL BLIND ON FOLK-LORE.

LONDON, *April* 29, 1872.

THE German residents in London are by no means numerous, but they are what one might term select. There are very few who have stopped here who belong to the emigrating class, such generally journeying on to America; but London has gradually become an important centre for German professors, students, musicians, artists of all kinds. Nearly every college or university has its important German instructors, and their influence on the thought of the country is becoming more and more marked every day. Nearly all of them are of the rationalistic class, the Catholic Germans being especially very inconsiderable in numbers. Among these educated and philosophical Germans the most prominent is Karl Blind. He came to this country originally as an exile, and in those days he had here with him Freiligrath and others; but all his fellow-exiles have now returned to Germany. Blind is irreconcilable, and will certainly not return so long as Bismarck is in the ascendant. He has now fixed himself in a pleasant home at South Hampstead, where is gathered about him and his interesting family the pleasantest and most cultivated German society in London. He is a short, thick-set man of a youthful appearance, though he must be over fifty, with black hair and beard, and sparkling black eyes set in a remarkably fresh, handsome face. The face is unmistakable in its South German characteristics; but no one who looks at his fine forehead, broad and high, would fail to see that he is a superior specimen of the region of fine-looking men from which he comes. Having been born in the neighborhood of the Black Forest, he became at an early age acquainted with the superstitions, traditions, and folk-lore of the remoter districts of Germany; used to assist, as I have often heard him say, at the allegorical death and burial of Winter and the resurrection of the life of Nature in Spring, a drama still performed by children in Baden, and related to the Passion Plays of the Tyrol and Bavaria, which have superseded the early pagan festivals in localities where they were anciently celebrated.

During recent years Karl Blind has devoted himself to the philosophical studies for which he has unquestionable genius, and the result is that there have been appearing from time to time essays relating to themes of general interest to scholars which have excited unusual interest. Two of these essays are now before me. One relates to German Troubadours and Master-singers, and the other to Freia-Holda, the Teutonic goddess of love.

The essay on the Troubadours shows that Goethe had studied very deeply the lyrics of the Master-singers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and was indebted to them in good measure for some of the finest gems in "Faust." Mr. Blind quotes a song by Muscatblüt, of that era, which strongly recalls Gretchen's plaint at the spinning-wheel, "My peace is gone, my heart is sore." This fourteenth century song has the same ring:

"Herz, Muth, und Sinn
Sehnt sich dahin."

I give a translation of it:

"With grief o'erborne
And anguish torn,
My soul and heart
Would fain depart
Where each sad thought a captive dwells.
My once free will
Is quelled and still;
My constant breast
By woe oppressed;
My heart with hopeless misery swells."

Perhaps the most curious thing which Herr Blind has brought out is the remarkable way in which the popular church songs of the fifteenth century show the transition from the jovial naturalism of the old religion, blending with Christian symbols and names. One of these is a religious May-song, in which the faithful are invited to assemble under the Tree of the Cross, from whose branches, they are assured, streams Cyprus wine, which the Virgin Mary will pass around in a goblet, and

"All dear souls shall drunken be
With juice of Love's own vine."

One of the most queer hymns of the kind in those ages was that of the "Bath," in which the pilgrimage to the Saviour is described as a journey to Baden Spa:

"Up! haste to the Baden spring,
Ye tender maidens fair!
Jesus, our Lord and King,
Himself invites us there.

"The well of grace supernal,
Joy's rosy dawn, is there;
There shines a sun eternal—
Banished are pain and care.

"There soundeth, sweetly singing,
Of birds the harmony;
There angels' voices ringing,
Celestial melody.

"There the Lord doth lead the measure,
'Mid troops of damsels bright;
And there the heavenly pleasure
Of love is infinite.

"There caresses sweet are given,
And unending laughter heard;
There the souls may go a-courting
With gladness undeterred."

Herr Blind shows that each item of the paradise thus described refers to the Germanic goddess of love, Freia—the well of rejuvenation, the perpetual rosy dawn, and the other sensuous delights. In superseding Freia, the Virgin Mary, it seems, had to borrow her allurements. It is concerning the myths relating to this goddess—Freia—that the writer gives us much new and curious information in the second of the essays to which I have referred. She appears in the Norse mythology in two forms: as Frigg, the wife of Odin, and Freia, the goddess of love; thus combining the characters of Juno and Venus in the Hellenic religion. The name Freia comes from a root meaning "to love." In Gothic *frijou* means "to love," and from it the Germans get *Frau*, and the English *friend*. Originally she was a storm-goddess, and there is a trace of this in the superstition that when it has been raining a week it will stop on Friday (Freia-day), when Frau Holla has to dry her veil. (Holla seems to be a name related to the Greek Helios, the sun, and relates to a period when the goddess ceased to be connected so much with the storm as with the sun. This Holla afterward, through Christian rivalry, became associated with Hell.) Based upon a vast deal of research, Herr Blind gives the following portrait of the mythical figure whom our German ancestors adored above all others:

"She is represented as a being of entrancing beauty, with long flowing thick golden hair of great heaviness. Her body is snow-white; she is clad in a snow-white garment, which spreads a rosy effulgence. On her forehead hangs a single tangled lock of hair. She is covered over her white robe with a light veil from head to foot. Round her neck she wears a chain of shining jewels, from which a light streams forth as of the dawn of morn. Rose-bushes and willow-trees are her favorite resorts—willow-trees overhanging crystal lakes. Her voice, full of melodious song, inthralls men. Its heavenly strains transport the listener to spheres of unknown bliss; he is drawn along, in rapture, in spite of his will. Wherever she walks flowers sprout up in her path, and the merry sound of golden bells is heard tinkling. A radiance of ethereal worlds follows her footsteps. In the depth of night the wanderer who has lost his way guides his walk after her beneficent apparition. The fields over which she passes are blessed with fruit. About Twelfth-night time—that is, at the winter solstice, when the German tribes were accustomed to celebrate their sun-worship rites—Freia-Holda visits the households, looking after the industry of the maidens at the spinning-wheels......On the meadows" (in her realm beyond the azure skies), "and amidst the foliage of that garden, the souls of the Unborn—whose protectress Freia is—are playing their innocent, unconscious games, gathering food from the chalices of flowers, until the heavenly messenger comes who calls them into human birth. In that garden there is also the Fountain of Rejuvenescence—the *Jungbrunnen*, or *Quickborn*—where the sources of life are incessantly renovated, and decrepit age once more changes into blooming youth."

There were two characters of Freia—she was the water-goddess and the sun-goddess, and in the latter direction became associated with fire, and afterward with amorous passion. The stork became sacred to her in Germany because it was red-billed and red-legged—thus supposed to be of fiery origin. One may meet with various old wells which have storks carved over them. The well is sacred to Freia as water-goddess, and associated with her Fountain of Rejuvenescence. The stork has long been regarded in German folk-lore as the bringer of children into families from those happy meadows of the Unborn. The lady-bird was sacred to her because of its red wings. There is a Suabian song in which the lady-bird (*Herrgotts-moggela*) is called upon to fly into heaven, there to fetch on a golden basin a golden baby.

The decay of the Freia myth, Herr Blind thinks, began when her powers of entrancing men became identified with sorcery. She then became head witch, or Ole Moder Tärsche. "On the banks of the river Main there are Halli-steine, Holda's stones, or hollow stones, on which a fairy form sits at night, bewailing the loss of her betrothed one, who has left her. There she sits, sunk in sorrow, shedding tears over the rock until it is worn down and become hollowed out. In another Franconian tale the bewitching fay sits on a rock in the moonlight, when the bloom of the vine fills the mountains and the valleys with sweet fragrancy. She is clad in a white, shining garment, pouring forth heart-inthralling songs. The children in those parts of the country are warned not to listen to the seductive voice, but ardently to pray their *paternoster*, lest they should have to remain with Holla in the wood until the Day of Judgment. From this legend Heine took the subject of his Lorelei song, transplanting it from the Main to the Rhine. Holda appears in this version with faintly indicated surroundings of a bacchic nature; and her abode is described as in the wood, whither many pagan deities were relegated after Christianity had obtained the upper hand."

In the later stages of the myth Freia became identified with Venus, and, both rolled together, held accursed as an infernal temptress, a she-devil, sitting at the entrance of a charming grotto, into which the susceptible huntsman or minne-singer (*e. g.*, Tannhäuser) was allured, but which he found to be the door to hell. She became also the spectral "woman in white," whose apparition presages death. Of her transformation into Hel, the goddess of death, the account is curious enough. "Hel, the Germanic mistress of the under-world, originally was a mother of life, like Holda, as well as a mother of death. Her name, which comes from *helen* or *hehlen*, in Latin *celare*, indicates that she is a deity who works in darkness and secrecy. Hence she represents, in the beginning, the forces of nature that are active beneath the hiding soil. Consequently she is not, properly speaking, destructive; she rather aids in nature's rejuvenation. She typifies the idea of life emerging from death, and of death being only a transformation of life. In the Edda, Hel is half dark or livid, half of the hue of the human skin; similar to the Hindoo Bhavani or Maha Kali, the mother of nature and life, the goddess who creates and destroys, the representative of love and of death, whose face alternately is radiant with beauty, like that of Aphrodite, or expressive of hideous terrors. In her beneficent quality Bhavani carries a lotus flower in her hand, even as Freia the rose; and the waters of the Ganges murmur her praise, as crystal lakes may have done that of the Germanic deity. In her destroying and avenging character the Hindoo goddess is Kali the blood-thirsty, who rides a hellish horse. So Holda is converted into a fiendish Hel."

In concluding these notes upon the very interesting contributions which Karl Blind has given to studies of folk-lore one can hardly repress a word of astonishment at the imposing dimensions which the science of mythology has reached in the last few years. It was not so very long ago that Dr. Johnson was uttering his contempt of what was just beginning to be called "philology," and denying that it was any science at all. Not only has philology since then become in some respects the most growing and interesting of the sciences, but it has given birth to another science which, though yet an infant, is already a giant. An old school-master of Cassel began digging about the roots of words, and his brother joined him in it; but they dug a long time before any one took notice of what they were about. A few other German professors united with these brothers Grimm in such researches, but they were regarded as so many Dryasdusts. This word reminds me of a story I once heard Carlyle relate, with much humor, of one of this word-rooting fraternity who visited him in London. He was on his way, he said, to reside for a time in Wales. Astounded that a German of learning should have chosen Wales for a residence, all the more as it was in winter, Carlyle asked him what he was seeking in Wales. The German replied that he was going to look after the roots of the Welsh language, and began to give an account of a number of etymologies which had already enlisted his attention. But Carlyle broke in with the Johnsonian remark, "Sir, if you were to bring to my door twenty cart-loads of such roots, I would not give sixpence for the whole tuberous lot." But the Germans went on with their work. And one day Jacob Grimm hit on an important discovery, namely, that the fairies of the nursery were lingering forms of the prehistoric deities of Germany, and that the Teutonic mythology was preserved in the stories concerning them. The vein thus struck has already yielded treasures beyond computation, not only as regards Teutonic mythology, but as regards also the whole prehistoric world.

Max Müller, in England, is the final authority on this subject, and though he has been very sharply criticised for reducing all the gods and goddesses to sunbeams, and repeatedly encountered by English scholars—or particularly, I might say, the Scotch professors—he has pretty generally vanquished his antagonists. Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh University, once tried to raise a laugh on him (Max Müller) about the enormous place he allotted to solar mythology, by explaining "Jack the Giant-Killer" in that way—the giant being darkness, Jack being a sunbeam. The smallest sunbeam coming through a tiny hole disperses the darkness; *i. e.*, diminutive Jack slays the giant. But when the professor was raising his laugh he perhaps did not know that Mr. Baring-Gould had identified the giant's harp and bag of gold and diamonds and his golden egg in that story with the admitted Greek and Sclavonic sun-myths. "The harp," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "is the wind, the bags are the clouds dropping the sparkling rain, and the golden egg, laid every morning by the red hen, is the dawn-produced sun." It is, indeed, but natural that, under the enthusiasm of the magnificent results which the sun theory has brought forth, the Germans may be pressing it rather far; but no errors can be permanent in this direction, for the scientific method is able to revise and correct any that may be made, and there is no theological Apollyon to be encountered by a science which, for the moment, seems to threaten only the personality of ancient gods and goddesses.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ABOUT BOSTON.

IT may not be generally known that there is a sad lack of originality in the animadversions which English tourists have from time to time

THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN BOSTON.

showered upon this country. Almost the first Englishman who came to these shores to study

THE FIRST CHURCH BUILT IN BOSTON.

VIEW OF FRANKLIN STREET.

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

our ways and our manners had it in his heart to write home as follows:

"On the southwest side of Massachusetts Bay, is Boston; whose Name is taken from a Town

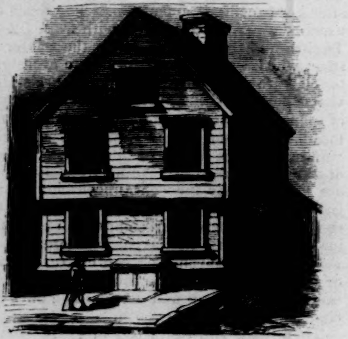
THE METHODIST CHURCH ON TREMONT STREET.

STATE-HOUSE ON BEACON HILL.

FANEUIL HALL.

in Lincolnshire: And is the Metropolis of all New England. The Houses in some parts joyn as in London. The Buildings, like their Women, being Neat and Handsome. And their Streets, like the Hearts of the Male Inhabitants, are Paved with Pebble......Every Stranger is unavoidably forced to take this Notice, That in Boston there are more Religious Zealots than Honest Men, more Parsons than Churches, and more Churches than Parishes; for the Town, unlike the People, is subject to no Division...... If you Kiss a Woman in Publick, tho' offer'd a Courteous Salutation, if any Information is given to the Select Members, both shall be Whip'd and Fin'd. But the good-humor'd Lasses, to make you amends, will Kiss the Kinder in a Corner."

This is scandalous! But so it was that the satirical Londoner, Edward Ward—the literary great-great-grandfather of certain English tourists—set it down in his "Trip to New-England," published in 1699. Thus he wrote, though no doubt he had been handsomely entertained at the first house erected in Boston (that of Mr. William Blaxton, or Blackstone), and had sat under an edifying sermon in the first church built by the Puritans—both of which edifices are engraved on this page. It is in no such disparaging strain that we intend to write of the Tri-Mountain City. We purpose in this paper merely to



FRANKLIN'S BIRTH-PLACE.

point out some of the prominent localities and objects in and about Boston, likely to interest those of our readers who may be drawn to the capital of the Commonwealth by the World's Peace Jubilee. For a detailed historical and topographical account of Boston, ancient and modern, we refer the reader to the very excellent hand-book, entitled "Boston Illustrated," just issued by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., to whom we are indebted for the engravings used in these pages.

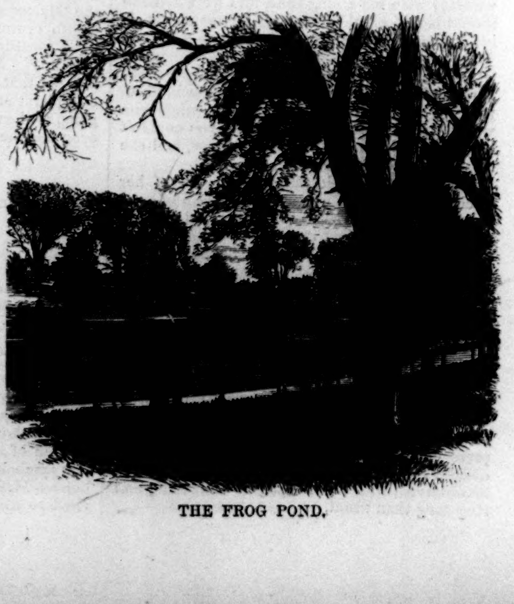
The north end and the west end—the sections earliest settled—are the most interesting parts of the city. The zigzag streets, leading to nowhere in particular, and the remains here and there of the primitive style of architecture, give to these portions of the town quite a distinctive character. The new parts of Boston are laid out with broad avenues lined with handsome gray stone and brick buildings, in the midst of which one could easily fancy himself in New York or Philadelphia. Boston originally embraced but six hundred and ninety acres. By filling in flats and drawing upon its suburbs it has increased its area to ten thousand one hundred and seventy acres. To understand the wonderful growth of the city, a visit to the Back Bay lands and the south end will be necessary; but the stranger in Boston, paradoxical as the state-

THE OLD HANCOCK MANSION.

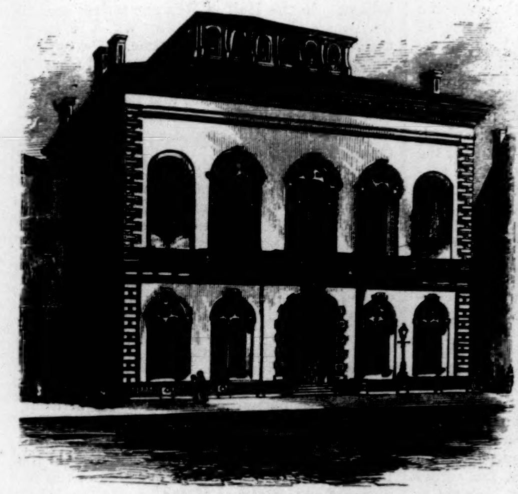
ment may seem, will find the most novelty in what is least modern. But even the oldest parts of the town are fast losing, if they have not wholly lost, their charms for the sight-seer interested in famous localities. Vast changes have taken place in these districts within the last twenty or thirty years; hills have been leveled, new streets opened, old ones widened, and hundreds of revered landmarks swept away. On the site of Franklin's birth-place are sold artificial flowers and milliners' trimmings. The old Province House—with its immortal wooden Indian, carved by Deacon Shem Drowne—after having been by turns a bar-room and a negro minstrel hall, has given place to a row of shops. Looking down Franklin Street, with its lines of massive granite stores and warehouses, the middle-aged inhabitant rubs his eyes like one awaking from a dream. Until within a comparatively late date this quarter of the town was occupied by aristocratic dwellings. Here were the private residences of Webster, Choate, Everett, and other notabilities. The oldest inhabitant has long since ceased to recognize the city of his birth. There is Faneuil Hall, to be sure, and the State-house, and a dozen or twenty other buildings reverenced in his youth, but all the rest is changed. The majority of the streets, however, are as crooked and purposeless as ever, and we feel it would be futile to attempt to tell the alien how to find his way from one to another. The Chicago editor only indulged in pardonable exaggeration when he said that "a man who has spent his whole time laboriously in solving Chinese puzzles can, by the time he reaches middle age, be set down in the streets of Boston with a reasonable expectation that he may be able to walk three blocks without growing crazy or dying of despair." Perhaps the visitor can not do better than secure a copy of "Boston Illustrated," and trust himself to the constantly surprising intuition of some Tri-Mountain hack-driver.

The stranger who has been two days in Boston must be a very unobservant person indeed if he has failed to notice the singular fact that nearly all the hotels have grave-yards attached to them! Whether these burial-places are the natural result of the too rich *cuisine* of the various establishments, or whether people who do not pay their hotel bills are summarily disposed of in Boston, is a matter we leave to conjecture. We merely record the fact. The windows of the Parker House look obliquely upon the quaint obelisks and sepulchres of King's Chapel; the Hotel Pelham enjoys a similar privilege in connection with the Old South, or Central Burying-ground, in the Common; the Tremont House may be said to be built upon a grave-yard, and if its subterranean kitchens were not formerly fam-

THE OLD ELM, BOSTON COMMON.



THE FROG POND.



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE.

THE WASHINGTON ELM IN CAMBRIDGE.

ily vaults, they might well have been. The St. James, like the Parker House, overlooks an ancient necropolis, with its narrow streets, where no reverent or irreverent foot comes, except of the gardener at so much per annum—with its half-obliterated and wholly forgotten names carved on those stone doors at which no hand knocks. Oddly enough, the few hotels that do not afford the guest an unavoidable spectacle of tombstones are situated on thoroughfares through which the majority of funerals pass to the out-of-town cemeteries—the Revere House and the Commonwealth, for example. The grave-yards we have mentioned were once out of town also, some of them on the farthest outskirts of the town; but the great city has grown up about them, and annexed them, so to speak. To allay any apprehensions we may have raised in the mind of the susceptible reader who purposes to visit Boston, we will say that the grave-yard antedates the hotel in every instance. But it *is* queer that they are always near neighbors in that goodly old town.

The antiquarian should not neglect to explore some of these old-time burial-places. We have spoken of half-effaced and wholly forgotten names, but he will find among the crops of lichen-grown epitaphs and obsolete mortuary emblems names that are fresh in our memory and bright on the pages of our history—names of eminent divines and statesmen, and soldiers and dignitaries of the old colonial period and the days of the Revolution—names that have a sort of clarion call to them. In the Chapel yard lie the remains (*place aux dames!*) of Mary Chilton, who, in a girlish freak, was the first woman to leap on shore at Cape Cod from the *Mayflower*—showing how easy it sometimes is to achieve everlasting fame! Here, also, is buried Lady Anne Andross, wife of the notorious Sir Edmund, who set up a claim to be Governor of New England, and about whom Hawthorne has woven a weird romance in one of his "Twice-told Tales." Here, in the Winthrop tomb, repose the ashes of old Governor John Winthrop, and of his son and grandson, the latter two being governors of Connecticut. The numerous armorial bearings and heraldic devices which ornament the tablets take one very far back into the past. This was the first place of burial laid out after the settlement of Boston. The second is supposed to be on Copp's Hill, though it is probable that the Old Granary Burying-ground, next the Tremont House, was opened about the same time.

During the siege of Boston, in Revolutionary times, the British threw up a redoubt on Copp's Hill. On the reoccupation of the town after the battle of Bunker Hill the American troops found a part of the battery—three 24-pounders—clogged and spiked so as to prevent its immediate use by the provincials. Copp's Hill will afford the visitor a fine view of the towns of Charlestown and Chelsea, and a large part of the harbor, with its picturesque islands. In the southeast corner of this cemetery is to be seen, inclosed by an iron fence, the tomb of the Mathers—Increase, Cotton, and Samuel—three distinguished doctors of theology, and preachers to the Northenders of the olden time.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

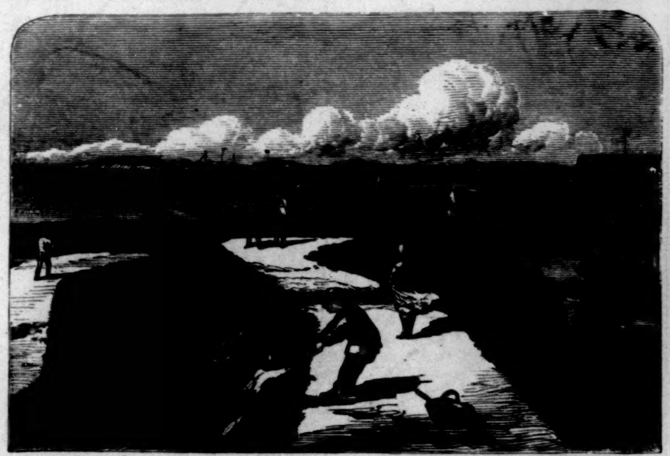
Copp's Hill also has its patriot—indeed, the old burying-grounds in Boston are packed with heroes. In February, 1768, Captain Daniel Malcom, a merchant who had made himself prominent by his opposition to the unjust revenue acts of Great Britain, had a schooner arrive in the harbor with a valuable cargo of wines, which he determined should escape the hateful duties. The vessel was anchored a few miles from town among the islands, and under cover of the night a party of men, armed with clubs, brought the wine ashore in sixty casks, which they deposited in various parts of the town. To the unprejudiced mind this looks very like a case of smuggling; but the contemporaries of the worthy captain took a different view of the matter, and erected above his grave a large memorial stone, bearing this inscription:

Here lies buried in a
Stone Grave 10 feet deep
Capt. DANIEL MALCOM, Mercht,
who departed this Life
October 23d, 1769,
Aged 44 Yeares.
A true son of Liberty,
a Friend to the Publick, an
Enemy to oppression, and
one of the foremost in
opposing the Revenue Acts
on America.

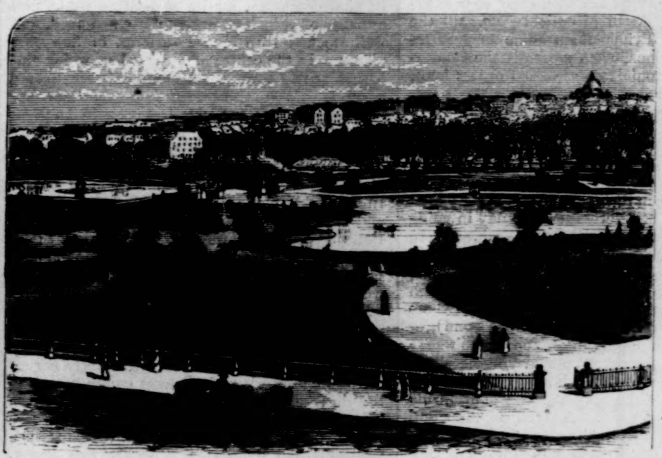
These sentiments were so little to the taste of the British soldiery that they used the spunky captain's epitaph for a target, and peppered it so effectually that the marks of their bullets may still be seen on the face of the stone.

The least notable of the old cemeteries of Boston is the Central Burying-ground, on Boylston Street. It happens, rather curiously, that the most celebrated name to be found there is that of Monsieur Julien, the inventor or discoverer of the agreeable soup which bears his name, and the most popular *restaurateur* of Boston in the last century. Possibly there is some occult connection between M. Julien and the singular taste which seems to have influenced Boston in selecting the sites of its leading hotels.

Among the notable people who rest in the Old Granary Burying-ground are no fewer than nine governors of the colony and State; Paul Revere, the patriotic mechanic; Peter Faneuil; the parents of Benjamin Franklin; John Hancock, the bold penman among the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and Elisha Brown, who, in 1769, refused to give up his house to the British soldiers for a barrack. The troops laid siege to the mansion, but the resolute old gentleman, with windows and doors barred and bolted, held possession of his domicile for seventeen days, when the discomfited enemy retired, and left him master of the situation. Worthy citizen and noble patriot, you shall have

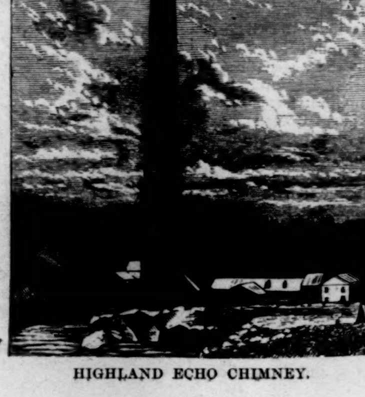


EARTH-WORKS ON DORCHESTER HEIGHTS, SOUTH BOSTON POINT.

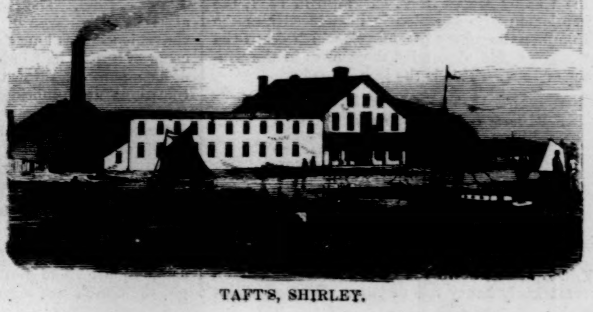


VIEW OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN, LOOKING FROM ARLINGTON STREET.

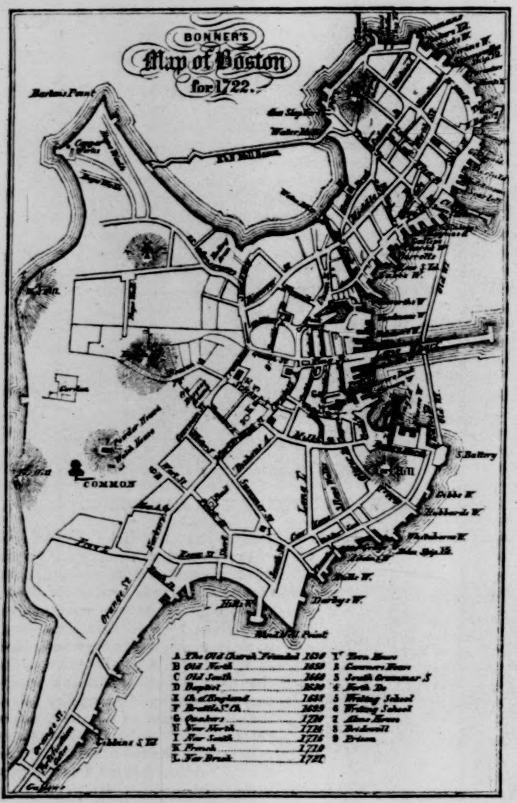
BUG LIGHT.



HIGHLAND ECHO CHIMNEY.



TAFT'S, SHIRLEY.



your eighty-seven-year-old epitaph handsomely printed in *Harper's Weekly*.

ELISHA BROWN,
of BOSTON,
who in Octr, 1769, during 17 days,
inspired with
a generous Zeal for the LAWS,
bravely and successfully
opposed a whole British Regt
in their violent attempt
to FORCE him from his
legal Habitation.
Happy Citizen when call'd singley
to be a Barrier to the Liberties
of a Continent.

But perhaps we have been playing the sexton too long. Yet, though the lounger in his walks about town may find gayer things than grave-yards, he will find nothing more curious or more worth seeing, unless, indeed, it be the Old Elm on the Common.

Of the Common itself it is not necessary to say much. It is to Boston what the Prince of Denmark is to the play of "Hamlet." As long ago as 1675 it was a favorite promenade. Mr. John Josselyn, an English traveler, in his "Account of two Voyages," published during that year, mentions the fact: "On the south there is a small but pleasant Common, where the Gallants a little before sunset walk with their *Marmalet-Madams*, as we do in Moorfields, etc., till the nine a clock Bell rings them home to their respective Habitations, when presently the Constables walk their rounds to see good orders kept, and to take up loose people." Since those halcyon days, it may be remarked, it has been necessary to put on an extra policeman. This oddly shaped piece of rolling land, containing about forty-five acres, might be stowed away in Central Park, but it has the scarcely-to-be-overrated advantage of being in the heart of the city. Thousands of people must cross it every day in going from their homes to their places of business. In spring and summer it is a luxury to step from the sultry, crowded street into the wide malls, shaded with superb old trees. The cool breath of air that comes up from the Frog Pond (where there are no frogs and not too much pond), or from the Brewer Fountain (which doesn't play beer, and has a faculty of not playing at all on particularly hot days), is a boon to the unfortunate members of the stay-at-home club during June, July, and August. A stroll on the Common is the only bit of summer that falls to the lot of many a man, woman, and child, and Boston has a right to be proud of her beautiful pleasure-ground, and to regard with affection every tree within its limits. This brings us back to our starting-point—the Old Elm.

It was an old elm when America was discovered. It is now probably the oldest inhabitant of the tree family in New England. Tradition has tried from time to time to secure for this or that person the honor of having set out the infant slip; but the number of rings found on even the younger boughs blown off by storms has defeated all such claims. The very little that is known about the elm is briefly set forth on the gate of the iron railing which was placed around the tree by Mayor J. V. C. Smith in 1854, the gentleman who ingeniously introduced into the Common the colony of squirrels which destroyed the birds, and absconded themselves in the winter of 1864. This is the iron legend:

THE OLD ELM.

THIS TREE HAS BEEN STANDING HERE FOR AN UNKNOWN PERIOD. IT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE EXISTED BEFORE THE SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON, BEING FULL GROWN IN 1722, EXHIBITED MARKS OF OLD AGE IN 1792, AND WAS NEARLY DESTROYED BY A STORM IN 1832. PROTECTED BY AN IRON ENCLOSURE IN 1854.

On the 29th of June, 1860, the beauty of the Old Elm was destroyed by a gale of wind and a remarkably heavy fall of rain. What remains is only the wreck of its former grandeur. But there the "old soger" stands, braced up stiffly against the north wind, with his bandaged limbs, heroic still, and with a sort of pathetic dignity that he will not lose while there is a finger of him left.

Strange scenes have been enacted within the shadow cast by the Old Elm. It is supposed that in the early colonial days criminals were hanged on the largest limb, now gone. Certainly it was the place of execution at a later period. During the Revolutionary war the tree was frequently decorated with colored lanterns by the Sons of Liberty, who often assembled under its noble shade. Many a Tory effigy has swung painlessly from its branches. Near this spot was fought the first duel in Boston—memorable as the first, and especially for its tragical result. The parties to the tragedy were Benjamin Woodbridge, a young merchant of great promise, and Henry Phillips, a graduate of the college at Cambridge, who had just taken his father's position of bookseller. The duel grew out of a trifling dispute over a card-table. The place of meeting was on the rising ground not far from the Old Elm, and the weapons chosen were small-swords. The combat took place in the evening, and the young men went to the field unattended. Woodbridge was mortally wounded by a thrust through the body, and died that night on the spot where he fell. By the assistance of his brother Gillam and Peter Faneuil, of famous memory, young Phillips got aboard the *Sheerness*, an English ship of war in the harbor, and was on his way to France before the body of Woodbridge was discovered. This happened on the 3d of July, 1728. The deed so preyed upon Phillips's mind that within a year he died at Rochelle, France, of remorse and a broken heart.

Many of the trees on the Common have their very hardest botanical names attached to them on little tin labels. This is a good plan, for if one of those trees should attempt to straggle off, it would be immediately seized and brought back by a policeman. Before leaving the Common it must be chronicled that when the Old Elm was measured, in 1860, an offshoot was observed springing from one of the roots on the westerly side of the main tree. The shoot is now over twelve feet in height, and there is every prospect that when the Old Elm dies it will leave a worthy offspring of its loins to keep up the family name.

The Common is not the only considerable park of which Boston boasts. Separated from it by Charles Street, and once forming a part of the Common, is the Public Garden—rightly named garden, for its serpentine walks coil among flower beds most tastefully arranged, and well stocked with choice varieties of flowering plants. In the centre of the garden, which embraces nearly twenty-five acres, is a small lake spanned by a granite bridge so graceful and appropriate in design that at first it excited a great deal of adverse criticism, as excellent things are apt to do. The bridge, which was completed in 1867, is seen in the middle foreground of our picture, a sketch taken from Arlington Street. In the Public Garden is Boston's finest statue—and Boston has several fine works of the kind—Ball's equestrian statue of Washington. It is a point of local pride that all the artists and artisans employed in the production of the work were supplied by Massachusetts. On the northerly side of the garden stands a full-length bronze statue of Edward Everett, modeled at Rome by Story in 1866, and presented by subscription to the city in 1867. In the northwesterly corner of the inclosure is a monument commemorating the discovery (or whatever it was) of ether, the gift of Thomas Lee, Esq. The grounds are further ornamented by five granite basins with fountains and sculptures. At the tidy greenhouse by the lake the visitor may obtain some very refreshing flowers at a reasonable price.

Time and the spirit of the age have made sad havoc with the public and private buildings that became famous in the Revolutionary era. Of the public buildings that date back previous to the year 1800, only these remain: the Old State-house at the head of State Street, erected in 1712; Christ Church, in Salem Street, dedicated in 1723; the Old South meeting-house, the corner-stone of which was laid on the 31st of March, 1729; King's Chapel, built in 1749; Brattle Street meeting-house, dedicated in 1773, and the State-house, first occupied by the Legislature in January, 1798. The Brattle Street Church, now alas! in the process of demolition for business convenience, was long the pride of Boston on account of having half imbedded in its square tower a cannon-ball, thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge during the bombardment of the city, then held by the British troops. Holmes, in his poem "Urania," celebrates "the simple pile,"

"that, mindful of the hour
When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,
Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
The iron breast-pin which the 'rebels' threw."

The Old South, which will probably soon give way to the exigencies of trade, is rich in historic associations. The sounding-board over the pulpit, the double tier of galleries, and the quaintly carved wood-work always attract the attention of strangers. It was here Joseph Warren, in defiance of those in authority, and in the presence of marshaled soldiery, delivered his brave oration on the anniversary of the massacre of March 5, 1770. Under this roof was held the series of meetings which culminated in the destruction of the tea at Griffin's (now Liverpool) Wharf. In 1775 the British soldiers turned the church into a riding-school and a place for cavalry drill. They tore down the galleries, and stripped the whole interior of its wood-work. In 1782 the church was repaired and put into its present condition. The oldest church in the city, as the reader will notice in our summary, is Christ Church (Episcopal), on Salem Street. During the Revolution the rector was the celebrated Rev. Mather Byles, who found it expedient to fly from the town on account of his Tory predilections. In the tower is a melodious chime of bells that have sounded mournful and merry changes for more than a century and a quarter.

Though Boston has comparatively few old churches, she has numerous modern structures of the kind, many of which are admirable examples of architecture. Perhaps the most striking of these is the Unitarian church on the corner of Marlborough and Berkley streets, erected at a cost of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The Methodist church on Tremont Street, between Concord and Worcester, is regarded as one of the finest sacred edifices in the city. The church was built from designs by Hammett Billings, and is constructed of the Roxbury stone which has since become so fashionable. The exterior of the building, with its spires of unequal height and the general simplicity of its lines, is unique. It was dedicated in January, 1862. A mere list of the various places of worship in Boston would require more space than we have at our disposal; so we pass to secular matters, with the brief hint that eloquent sermons are to be heard on Sunday mornings at the Park Street Church (Rev. W. H. H. Murray), at the Church of the Disciples (Rev. James Freeman Clarke), and at Dr. Putnam's church in Roxbury.

On the highest point of Beacon Hill stands the State-house, the gilded dome of whose cupola is the object first sighted at sea by approaching ships. How many a longing eye has sought for it among the clouds! The architecture of the State-house is simple and dignified. The situation is so grand that even the humble beacon which occupied the spot in the early colonial times must have been an imposing affair. On either side of the broad long flights of granite steps leading to the portico is an inclosed space containing a full-length bronze statue—Webster on the right and Horace Mann on the left. Both these works compare most unfavorably with Thomas Ball's life-size statue of Governor Andrew in the Rotunda, or Doric Hall. Here also are Chantrey's Washington, and busts of Samuel Adams, Abraham Lincoln, and Charles Sumner, with the torn and stained battle-flags heroically borne by Massachusetts in the war of the rebellion. In the Hall of Representatives and in the Senate-Chamber the visitor will find many noteworthy relics of the olden time. The cupola, which is always open when the General Court is not in session, commands the finest view to be had of the city, the harbor, and the surrounding country. The corner-stone of the State-house was laid by the Freemasons, Paul Revere, Grand Master, in 1793. An hour can be spent here with pleasure and profit.

The City Hall is located on School Street, nearly opposite the Parker House. It is a question which has never been satisfactorily settled by the tax-payers whether the City Hall governed the location of Parker's, or *vice versa*. But whichever way it was, the Hall got the best of it in point of architecture. It was erected between 1862 and 1865, and was the first public building in the city which could lay claim to any thing like style in architecture. It is described as the Italian Renaissance, modified and elaborated by the French architects of the last thirty years. The narrowness of the street in front, and the close proximity of the surrounding buildings, destroy the fine effect which the structure would have if more favorably located. On the little patch of greensward at one side of the entrance stands a statue of Boston's patron saint, Benjamin Franklin, by Greenough, next to Ball's Washington the most successful work of the kind in the city.

From the State-house and the City Hall the rambler will naturally wend his way to old Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty." The original building was a gift to the town by Peter Faneuil. It was erected for the purpose of a market in 1742, was destroyed by fire in 1761, and rebuilt the same year. In 1805 it was enlarged to its present dimensions. Faneuil Hall is indissolubly linked with all the great crises in our national annals. Here, in the darkest hours of the country, have the rulers and leading spirits of the Commonwealth assembled to take counsel. The hall, which is wholly unsupplied with seats, is seventy-five feet square and twenty-five high, and possesses unusual acoustic qualities. The walls are hung with numerous valuable portraits: a full-length painting of Washington, by Stuart; another of Peter Faneuil, by Colonel Henry Sargent; Healey's mammoth picture of Webster replying to Hayne; portraits of Samuel Adams and the second President Adams; of General Warren, Commodore Preble; of Edward Everett, Lincoln, Governor Andrew (the latter two by Ames); and of several others prominent in the records of Massachusetts. It is not every man's portrait that can get into Faneuil Hall. By a happy provision this hall, hallowed by so many historic memories, can not be let for money. The charter of Boston contains a thoughtful clause, placing it beyond the power of the city government to sell or lease Faneuil Hall. But it is at the disposal of the people whenever a sufficient number of citizens, complying with certain conditions, request to have it opened. We take this to be a noble "Boston notion."

Our illustration shows the old Hancock man-

MAP OF BOSTON AND ITS ENVIRONS, 1872.

sion, which was taken down in 1863 to make room for residences built by two merchant princes. It stood on Beacon Street, within pistol-shot of the State-house, and should have been allowed to remain, for at the time of its destruction it was one of the handsomest as well as one of the most famous old buildings in the city. It was built in 1737 by Thomas Hancock, and was inherited by his nephew, Governor John Hancock. Both gentlemen were hospitable in their day and generation, and were wont to entertain the Governor and Council and other distinguished guests annually on "Artillery Election-day." It is said that every Governor of Massachusetts under the Constitution—until the mansion was removed—was entertained at least on one occasion within its walls.

While we are on the subject of old landmarks, a place so full of literary associations as the old corner bookstore on Washington Street can not be overlooked. It is at present occupied by Messrs. A. Williams & Co., and is one of the oldest buildings in the city. The exact date of its construction is not to be ascertained. The house which preceded it on the same spot was destroyed by the great fire of October, 1711: the old corner store was probably built during the subsequent year. The history of this store, from its first occupation as an apothecary shop by the builder, one Thomas Crease, to its reversion to the original use in 1817, has been carefully traced by local writers. In 1828 Messrs. Carter & Hendee occupied it as a bookstore, and "the trade" has held it ever since. For a great many years the old corner bookstore was the favorite haunt of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Hillard, and scores of the Boston *literati*. Behind the green screen which used to inclose a nook in the rear of the shop have been heard Thackeray's burly laugh and Dickens's cheery voice. The old corner bookstore retains very nearly its original shape, and affords a substantial example of a very innocent style of architecture.

The visitor interested in educational matters should drop into the buildings of the Society of Natural History and the Institute of Technology. Both these institutions are contributing greatly to the practical education of the people. The cabinet of the Natural History Society is exceedingly valuable, and is open to the public for several hours every Wednesday and Saturday. The published plan of the Institute of Technology, which was founded in 1861, declares it to be "devoted to the practical arts and sciences," with a triple organization as a society of arts, a museum or conservatory of arts, and a school of industrial science and art. The school provides six courses of study in the various branches of engineering, chemistry, geology, architecture, science, and *belles-lettres*. The building occupied by the Institute is a very elegant structure of pressed brick, relieved with freestone.

On the spot where the musical festival of 1869 was held the foundations for the new Art Museum are now being laid. The lot contains over 90,000 square feet. It was given to the corporation of the institution by the city on condition that a handsome building should be erected without delay and opened to the public on specified days. The funds for building purposes, to which all classes have contributed in sums varying from fifty cents to five thousand dollars, amount to about $300,000. The building which it is proposed to erect at this time covers only a small portion of the land—210 feet front on St. James Avenue, by 62 feet on Dartmouth Street. The façade is to be ornamented with terra cotta, as many modern public buildings in Europe have been. The building is to be entirely fire-proof. The Gray collection of engravings, the paintings, statuary, and casts, now at the Athenæum, the Tosti collection of engravings, at present in the Public Library building, the rich and costly collection of antique armor belonging to Mrs. T. Bigelow Lawrence, and many other choice works of art, contributed by associations or individuals, are to be placed in the building as soon as completed. A school for instruction in art matters will be attached to the museum.

The libraries in Boston are admirable, as a matter of course. The most important are the Public Library, the Athenæum, and the Mercantile. The Public Library is one of the best managed and most practical libraries in the world. Its benefits are placed in the very hands of the public at large, and are not reached through that circumlocution system which excludes the great mass of people from most of the so-called public libraries. The privilege of taking books from this institution is so easily secured that it has drawn about it a class of people who do not frequent libraries in other cities. Its choice and constantly increasing collection of rare works also makes it the resort of scholars and busy literary men. The library may be said to have sprung from a small collection of books given by Edward Everett in 1849. In 1852 Mr. Joshua Bates, a distinguished merchant of London, and a native of Boston, presented the institution with $50,000, on condition that a suitable building should be erected, with accommodations for seating at least a hundred persons at reading-tables, and that the library should be free to all, with no other restrictions than those necessary for the preservation of the books. In 1871 the late George Ticknor left his rich collection of Spanish and Portuguese books and MSS. to the library. At present the several halls contain upward of 193,000 volumes, besides 99,000 pamphlets. In the central reading-room are about 380 different periodicals. This is the largest library in the United States, with the exception of the Congressional Library at Washington, though there are several collections which are richer in special departments of literature. The Athenæum, on Beacon Street, contains 100,000 volumes, and has attached to it a reading-room and an art gallery. Here also is the scientific library of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of which Benjamin Franklin was a member. The Athenæum is not a public library, but strangers are always courteously received at its rooms.

The visitor, especially if he is a New Yorker, will be curious to know how the Thespian art flourishes in the ancient stronghold of the Puritans. At a town meeting held there on the 14th of December, 1715 (perhaps this intelligence is a little late), it was "Voted, That it be recommended to yᵉ Representatives of this Towne to Endeavour to procure an Act to prevent Stage Plays, &c., wᶜʰ may have a Tendency to corrupt Youth, and that yᵉ Towne-clerke give yᵉ same in writinge." Whatever depressing effect this may have had on the drama of 1715, the fact remains that Boston, in this year of grace 1872, has five theatres in successful operation, and numerous halls devoted to itinerant entertainments more or less calculated to corrupt yᵉ youth of yᵉ town. The Boston, the Museum, and the Globe are well-managed establishments. The Museum and the Globe have most excellent stock companies, and put their pieces upon the boards with an elegance and fitness of appointment unknown elsewhere outside of New York. The Boston has a passable stock company, depending chiefly upon stars, foreign and domestic. It is at this house Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson always play on their professional visits, no other theatre in the city being sufficiently spacious to hold their audiences. It was here Mr. Fechter made his début in blonde wig and broken English. If Bunker Hill is "the place where Warren fell," the Boston Museum is certainly the place where another Warren may be said to have risen and culminated. Mr. William Warren is, and has been for many years, the leading card at the Museum. The visitor is advised to go and see him, especially when he plays Triplet in "Masks and Faces." The Howard Athenæum is the democratic home of the ballet-girl and the gymnast, and the refuge of the forlorn negro minstrel. The St. James's is somewhat difficult to characterize. Ever since its opening night, some six or seven years since, it has carried on a sort of feverish flirtation with the public, but has not succeeded in winning any lasting favor.

Of course no stranger will leave Boston without hearing the great organ in the Music-hall. This grand instrument was built by Herr E. Fr. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, Würtemberg, and was set up in the hall at the close of 1863. The organ contains five thousand four hundred and seventy-four pipes, of which no fewer than six hundred and ninety are in the pedal organ, and has eighty-four complete registers. The instrument cost upward of $60,000, and is the most perfect as it is the largest organ in the country. There are several choice pieces of sculpture in the Music-hall. To see Crawford's noble statue of Beethoven (which a rural old lady visiting the late Homeopathic Fair thought was "up for raffle") is alone worth a pilgrimage to Boston.

In the way of clubs the city is far behind New York. It has, however, three or four first-class institutions of the sort. The Somerset, which in 1858 grew out of a similar organization known as the Tremont, is a club for purely social purposes. The association occupies the granite-front house on Beacon Street, built by the late Joshua Sears for a private residence. The Union Club was instituted in 1863 for "the encouragement and dissemination of patriotic sentiment and opinion;" and one of the conditions of membership was "unqualified loyalty to the Constitution and the Union of the United States, and unwavering support of the Federal Government in efforts for the suppression of the rebellion." It has at present no political character, the condition of membership stated having been canceled. The Central Club is a south-end organization, and, like the others, numbers among its habitués many of "the solid men of Boston."

The suburbs of the city are unsurpassed for beauty and variety of scenery, embracing, as they do, hill, valley, and sea-shore. We of New York have our Central Park and our Boulevards, but Boston has a hundred drive-ways of unartificial loveliness. The outlying districts are, in most instances, linked to the city by long bridges spanning the Charles. The popular drive-way is the Mill-dam Road. Here, of a pleasant afternoon in spring or autumn, the stranger will have an opportunity of seeing Boston on wheels, and will observe that the taste runs more to fine-blooded horses than to showy liveries or silver-mounted carriages. The new drive around the Chestnut Hill Reservoir is also always crowded in the season. Among the neighboring places to be visited are Dorchester, Roxbury, Cambridge, the Blue Hills, etc. On Dorchester Heights, or, rather, on South Boston Point, an important strategical position, are the remains of some old earth-works from which the American troops watched over the beloved town in the possession of General Howe. Every body goes to Charlestown to see Bunker Hill Monument. Even the unappreciative Briton sinks his pride and visits it. "Tom Brown of Rugby," when he was in this country in 1870, went to inspect the towering gray shaft, and possibly made secret diagrams of the approaches with a view to capturing the sacred spot in case the *Alabama* claims became a *casus belli*. At old Cambridge the visitor may pass an agreeable hour in wandering among the classic grounds and buildings of the ancient university. The library, the museum of natural history, and the astronomical observatory are points of special interest. Not far from the college buildings is a large yellow mansion, standing back from the street, known as Washington's Head-quarters, and for many years past as the hospitable home of Longfellow, the poet. It was at the door-step of this house, one day long ago, that a young professor, then a new-comer to Cambridge, stood modestly inquiring if he could obtain board and lodgings within, little dreaming that he was destined to be the famous owner of the famous mansion, increasing its celebrity with his own name. A quarter of a mile beyond Longfellow's, and on an avenue branching off from Brattle Street, is Elmwood, the residence of Lowell, once an extensive place, but now contracted to a few acres shaded with splendid elms. It is here the poet and essayist lives on the friendliest terms with his "garden acquaintances," the robins, the orioles, the finches, and the jays, who hold him in the highest esteem. On Garden Street, at no great distance from Harvard Square, is the Washington Elm. Under this tree on the 14th June, 1775, General Washington formally assumed the chief command of the American forces. While in Cambridge the sight-seer will visit Mount Auburn. This tract of land embraces about one hundred and twenty-five acres, and with its tombs and cenotaphs and foliage and winding paths is as attractive as a burial spot can be. For our part, we like best the old disused grave-yards: there is no unpleasant possibility connected with them. Forest Hills Cemetery, in West Roxbury, is larger than Mount Auburn. Partly within the limits of Dorchester and near Hyde Park is situated Mount Hope Cemetery, the smallest of the three, but possessing the same natural and acquired advantages.

No one who visits Boston should fail to try the celebrated Highland Echo Chimney, erected many years ago by the Roxbury Chemical Works. It was built to the height of 150 feet, when the staging fell, killing two men; and for some time no masons could be procured to carry the work on. At length two brothers, Kinney by name, built it up to the required height of 245 feet.

The works were burned many years ago, but the chimney still remains standing, and is visited by hundreds of tourists, attracted by its remarkable echo. It will repeat a syllable ten to fourteen times, and a pistol-shot reverberates through its long throat like a hundred thunder-claps. A quiet laugh is echoed and re-echoed until the visitor believes the chimney must be haunted by a demoniacal laughing club.

This remarkable curiosity is situated near the West Roxbury line, is a favorite resort in summer, and will doubtless attract many visitors during the great Jubilee.

A most delightful way of passing a summer's day is to make an excursion in Boston Harbor, either in one of the numerous little steamers which ply between the city wharves and the sea-side resorts in the vicinity, or in one of the swift-sailing yachts, which may be hired for an hour's or a week's use. For a trifling sum one can find accommodations on board a neat and comfortable side-wheel steamer, and, leaving the hot and dusty city behind, enjoy a cool ocean breeze, a view of Fort Warren, Fort Winthrop, Fort Independence, the famous Minot's Ledge Light-house, the rather comical-looking Bug Light, the city reformatory institutions on Deer Island, and innumerable objects of interest. There are many well-kept hotels at the places where these steamers stop—Hull, Hingham, Long Island, Quincy Point, Lowell Island, and Gloucester—where an excellent fish dinner or a regular city hotel dinner can be obtained. Since the burning of the great hotel at Nahant, some twelve years ago, there has been no attempt to furnish much entertainment to strangers on that picturesque peninsula. The land is owned and occupied almost wholly by wealthy Bostonians who reside there during three or four months in the year, and who do not care to offer any attractions likely to draw a transient and noisy crowd. At Point Shirley, between the city and Nahant, there is an unpretending establishment which is to the Bostonian, during the summer and fall, what the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich, is to the Londoner during the white-bait season. At Point Shirley, in short—as Mr. Micawber would say—is Taft's. Mr. Taft is a *chef* who serves up his birds as affectionately as if they were his own children. The stomach of the man who goes away from Boston without having had a fish or a bird dinner at Taft's will be justified in never forgiving him.

Our necessarily condensed summary does not, of course, include all, or nearly all, that is worth seeing in and around the capital of the Commonwealth; but with the suggestions we have thrown out we think the intelligent reader will not encounter much difficulty in finding his way about Boston. He will find a fund of useful information in the "Hand-book of Boston," to which we have already referred, which gives, in a compact shape, a vivid pen-and-pencil description of Boston and its suburbs. The letter-press is written in a most entertaining style, and the illustrations, of which there are upward of one hundred and forty, have been engraved from original drawings, and are executed in the highest artistic manner.

SLASHING CRITICISM.

It is nearly forty-two years since Mr. Tennyson issued his first volumes of poems. The young poet attracted little attention at the time, save from the critics, who could not understand "this young man from Lincolnshire," and so did the next best thing, namely, abused his verses. In 1833 Tennyson, nothing daunted, made his second appearance, only to be abused again; but this time in a quarter where virulent condemnation was, in that day at least, generally accepted by a new author as the best testimonial to his true merit. The *Quarterly*, having killed Keats—or, at all events, having gained the reputation for doing it—was ready, like the ogres of the old fables, to annihilate any new victim. Mr. Tennyson, in his earlier poems more evidently than in his more mature efforts, had drawn much of his turn of thought and imagination from the author of "Endymion." With a charming expression, therefore, of contrition for its former bad treatment of "the harbinger of the milky way of poetry," it pointed its quill for the demolition of the later aspirant to poetic fame.

If only as amusing pictures of the old style of criticism, which in this more polite age has rarely been seen—except a few years ago in the coarse but vigorous criticisms of the *Saturday Review*, when that journal possessed a power in the world of letters it has since lost by the death or secession of the men who made it famous—we may be excused for giving a few specimens of the reviewer's manner.

The poet has sung,

"Then let wise Nature work her will,
 And on my clay her darnels grow;
Come only when the days are still,
 And at my head-stone whisper low,
 And tell me—"

"Now what," says the critic of the *Quarterly*, "would an ordinary bard wish to be told under such circumstances? Why, perhaps, how his sweetheart was, or his child, or his family, or how the Reform bill worked, or whether the last edition of the poems had been sold: *papæ!* our genuine poet's first wish is,

'And tell me if the woodbines blow.'

When, indeed, he shall have been thus satisfied as to the woodbines—of the blowing of which, in their due season, he may, we think, feel pretty secure—he turns a passing thought to his friend, and another to his mother.

'If thou art blessed—my mother's smile
Undimmed—'

But such inquiries, short as they are, seem too commonplace; and he immediately glides back into his curiosity as to the state of the forwardness of the spring.

If thou art blessed—my mother's smile
Undimmed—if bees are on the wing.'

No, we believe the whole circle of poetry does not furnish such another instance of enthusiasm for the sights and sounds of the vernal season! The sorrows of a bereaved mother rank after the blossoms of the woodbine and just before the hummings of the bee; and this is all he has any curiosity about, for he proceeds:

'Then cease, my friend, a little while,
That I may—'

'send my love to my mother,' or 'give you some hints about bees which I have picked up from Aristæus in the Elysian Fields,' or 'tell you how I am situated as to my own personal comforts in the world below?' Oh no!—

'That I may hear the throstle sing
His bridal song—the boast of spring.'"

This is tolerably severe. The following lines, however, gave too palpable an opportunity for even the most obtuse critic to let slip:

"Sweet as the noise in parchéd plains
 Of bubbling wells that fret the stones
(If any sense in me remains)
 Thy words will be, thy cheerful tones
 As welcome to—my crumbling bones."

And this is the commentary:

"'If any sense in me remains!'

"This doubt is inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece, and, in fact, too modest. We take upon ourselves to reassure Mr. Tennyson that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much 'sense' will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess."

Take the following, again:

"The accumulation of tender images in the following lines appears not less wonderful:

'Remember you that pleasant day
 When, after roving in the woods—
'Twas April then—I came and lay
 Beneath those gummy chestnut buds?
A water-rat from off the bank
 Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Down looking through the sedges rank,
 I saw your troubled image there.
If you remember, you had set
 Upon the narrow casement edge
A long green box of mignonette,
 And you were leaning on the ledge.'

"The poet's truth to nature in his 'gummy chestnut buds,' and to art in the 'long green box' of mignonette, and that masterly touch of likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the miller's daughter to the plunging of a water-rat into the mill-dam—these are beauties which, we do not fear to say, equal any thing even in Keats."

The most ardent admirers of Tennyson's earlier poems must confess that, in instances such as these, the poet laid himself open to the ridicule of an ill-natured reviewer.

One more example of this, and we have done with the laureate's more youthful efforts. In the "Dream of Fair Women," we all know the exquisite description of Iphigenia, and have most of us noted that flaw in the closing lines:

"The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat;
 The temples, and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
 Slowly, and nothing more."

The critic's chance here is, of course, inevitable.

"What touching simplicity! What pathetic resignation! 'He cut my throat—*nothing more!*' One might ask, 'What more she would have?'"

The line has been altered in the later editions of the poet's works; but we have merely recalled some of these earlier defects of the laureate's muse to show that even great poets—though born, not made—must always owe much to long and elaborate culture, and must pass through the crucible in repeated refinings before their works are fit to remain the last polished evidences to posterity of their innate genius.